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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

(TRADE MARK)

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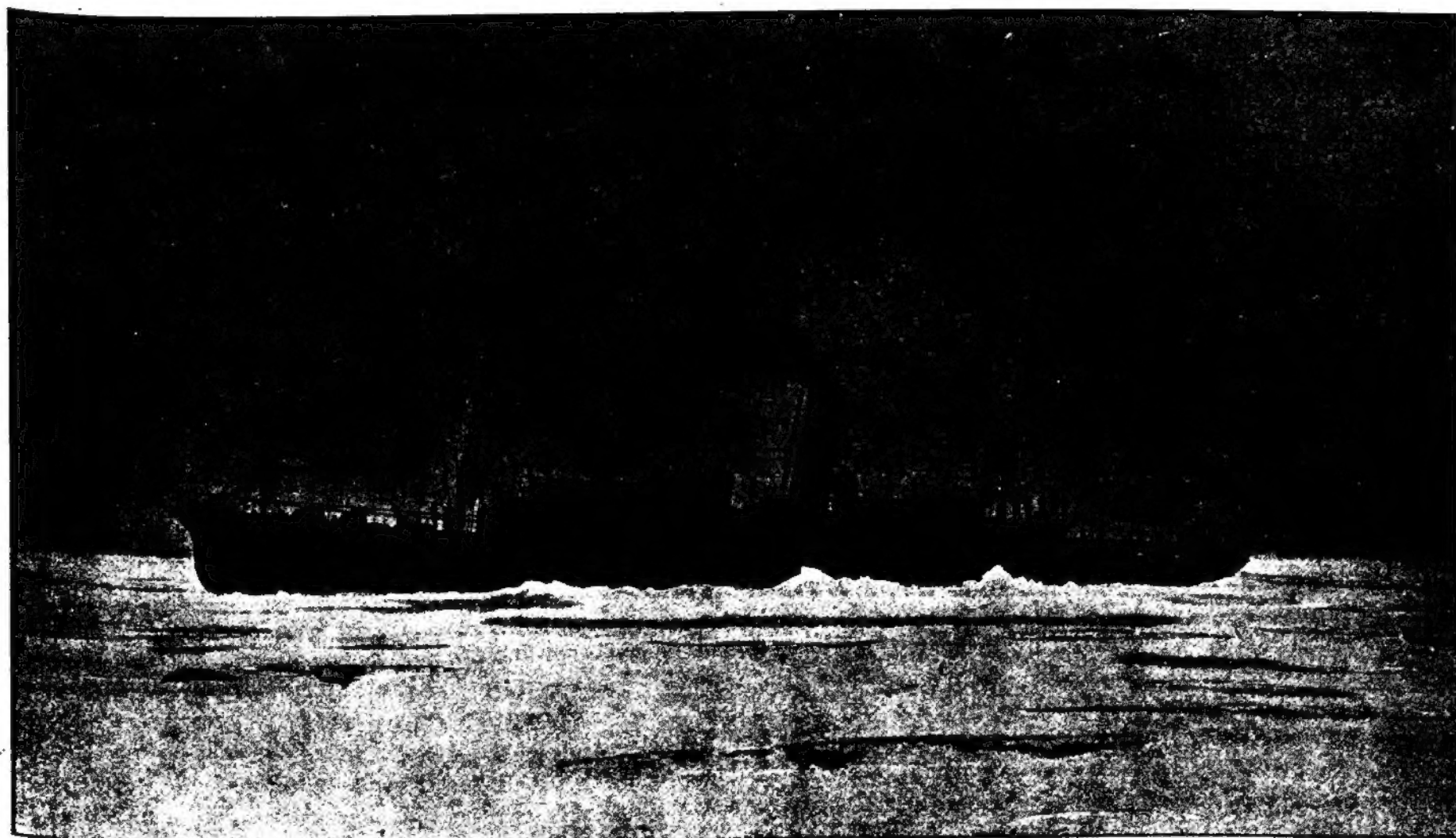
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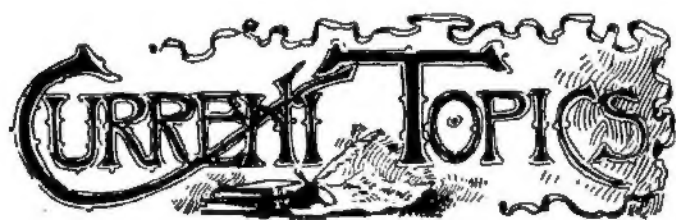
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Some time ago Mr. Edison gave his opinion in the *North American Review* on the subject of electric wires and the possibility of making their operation compatible with the public safety. We have now, in the same periodical, the judgment of Sir William Thomson on the same important question. It does not materially differ from that of Mr. Edison. Experience has shown, and the verdict of experts has declared that, while in the country overhead wires must still for reasons of economy be tolerated, the danger from high-pressure overhead wires in cities is too great and too constant to be permitted. It has, therefore, been stipulated that companies undertaking to light English cities by electricity must place the conductors underground, and that, if aerial wires have already been brought into action, the conductors, if for high pressure supply, must be put underground within two years. The telephone wires alone will ultimately be allowed to remain above ground. As for rural districts, strict regulations are enforced to guarantee man and beast from peril. The regulations in question, which were prescribed by the British Board of Trade under the provisions of the Electric Lighting Act of 1888, have been deemed sufficient by experienced electricians both in Europe and on this continent for the protection of the public, whether in town or country. They are cited in full in Sir William Thomson's article, but are much too long to reproduce.

In an interesting illustrated volume on the Paris Universal Exposition of 1889, M. Louis Rousselet emphasizes the marked absence of anything that would remind a visitor of the revolutionary origin of what was in reality one of the grandest and most pacific national manifestations of recent years. It was in the truest sense universal, not only in the number and variety of the races and peoples that took part in it, but in the diversity of its exhibits, which represented all the great modern triumphs in agriculture, in the various fields of industry and commerce, in the domain of art and science, in the multiplicity of its evidences of learning, culture and research. The refusal of the monarchical powers to participate in the Exposition, while not unreasonable in view of its express purpose—the commemoration of an event which was associated with an uprising against kingly rule and the execution of a king and queen, did not happily prevent the thinkers, workers and traders of the world from appreciating its manifold treasures. M. Rousselet deems it worthy of note that among the sovereigns who declined to give it their official sanction was the King of Sweden and Norway, the great-grandson of Marshal Berna-

dotte, a son of the Revolution, whom Napoleon made Prince of Monte Corvo.

It is also worth recalling that Desirée Clary, Marshal Bernadotte's wife, who became Queen of Sweden on her husband's elevation to the throne of that kingdom, had before her marriage found favour in the eyes of Napoleon himself. But the young lady, whose sister had married another Bonaparte, Joseph, sometime King of Spain, declined the offered honour. It is singular enough that the descendants of a woman who had escaped, and of the woman who incurred, the risk of Napoleon's deliberate fickleness, should have occupied thrones (for it will be remembered that Napoleon III. was the grandson of Josephine Beauharnais, whose daughter Hortense was married to his father, sometime King of Holland), while the son of the Emperor and his Austrian wife pined away in his palace prison and died unmarried in his 21st year. So true is it that "l'homme propose mais Dieu dispose."

Twenty years ago the Second Empire seemed to have renewed its lease of life by the institution, at the Emperor's suggestion, of the British system of responsible government. At the same time his Majesty insisted on making himself directly responsible to the people, and determined to test the wisdom of his policy by an immediate appeal to the nation. The result was a triumph for the principle of constitutional monarchy, which seemed to assure an enduring vitality to the Napoleonic dynasty. Yet in that day of victory the Empire had only a few months to live. The internal perils which threatened it only those who wilfully closed their eyes could fail to discern. The elections of the previous year had given the Government 199 friends and 93 enemies. The latter were irreconcilable. Of the former a good many were doubtful. The slaying of Victor Noir, a journalist, by a kinsman of the Emperor, gave to French Radicalism a voice that has never since been long silent. Rochefort called the Bonapartes a band of murderers, and his words found an echo from Paris to Marseilles. In the prevailing excitement the Emperor was not sorry, perhaps, to find diversion in a trial of strength with his northern rival. The Duc de Gramont, who had been made Foreign Minister, was a bitter anti-German. The candidacy of a Hohenzollern for the vacant throne of Spain furnished a pretext for dictatorial protests and demands. This tone Prussia resented, and when France threw down the gauntlet, it was promptly taken up. The issue was Sedan and the end of the Second Empire. Four months after the plebiscite, the Emperor was a prisoner, the Empress a fugitive, a Republic had been proclaimed, and the Germans were at the gates of Paris.

When such catastrophe could overtake a regime which to all appearance was so firmly established as the empire seemed to be in the early months of 1870, it would be rash to predict that the Republic will celebrate its 20th anniversary. There is, however, a good deal in its favour. It has overcome Boulangist aggression; and General Boulanger's allies, the Bonapartists, whom he courted and the Orleanists who courted him, have for the present been rendered powerless. The Comte de Paris, in despair of effecting anything, resolved some time ago to make a voyage across the ocean. He is not unknown on this continent, as he served on the staff of General McClennan until the failure of the Richmond campaign, and he has written a

partial history of the Civil War. He had hardly begun to put his plans in execution when Paris was startled by the appearance of his son and heir, the young Duc d'Orleans. If his advent to Paris (due, it is said, to the incitements of the Duchesse de Luynes and her son) was meant as a *coup d'etat*, it has missed its aim grievously for the chief actor. The young pretender, after a summary trial, has been committed to safe-keeping, and though his imprisonment may not last long, his untimely display of military and patriotic fervour has simply served to put the Republican authorities on their guard. Still, the plight of the Duc d'Orleans is not more ridiculous than was that of Louis Napoleon in 1836. Yet the Second Empire followed.

Referring to the movement in favour of the abolition of the French, as an official, language in the North-West, Mr. Blake said, in his speech of the 14th inst., in the House of Commons, that "it was almost impossible to conceive the evil effect of such an agitation." He asked those engaged in it to put themselves in the place of the French-Canadians. "You," he said, addressing the leaders and supporters of the movement, "may have a profound conviction of the superiority of your own tongue, your laws, your creed, but put yourselves in the place of your French-speaking fellow-citizens, and consider that you are asking them to give up that which is most sacred to them. They have their rights, which to them are as important as are yours to you. And I intend to defend those rights as if I were one of themselves. I should regard myself as dishonoured and disgraced if I yielded to the forces that prompt me to take another course, and I hope it is impossible to move me from the path of duty—the path, which, I believe, I have struck out for myself." These statesmanlike and generous words were received with deserved applause by the great majority of both sides in the House. The amendment that Mr. Blake proposed was to the intent that to abolish the French language in the North-West would remedy no practical grievance, while it would be a clear violation of a solemn covenant; that its continued use was in the interest of the Territories as an inducement to immigration, so greatly needed; that the plea that community of language was necessary to national unity had no force in Canada, and that the House of Commons should adhere to its covenants and resist any attempt to impair them, leaving the ultimate settlement of the question to a period of fuller North-West development.

A BI-LINGUAL SETTLEMENT.

The bi-lingual problem in Bohemia has found a solution which reveals on the part of the Emperor of Austria and Count Taaffe an earnest desire to give satisfaction to both sections of the population. The country is divided mainly between two races—the Czechs and the Germans, the former numbering about three, the latter about two millions. The actual predominance of the Slav element in the kingdom is one of the most remarkable phenomena in the development of nationalities in modern times, and furnishes striking evidence of that influence of literature on political life to which Prof. Roberts referred in his recent lecture. Towards the close of the 18th century the Czech language was fast approaching extinction. Except among a few peasants here and there, German had taken its place. Pelzel, though a patriot, wrote his history

in that tongue. But a more enthusiastic patriot, who was also a zealous scholar, determined to save it from death. Gathering around him a group of young men of kindred sympathies, he inaugurated that research into the history, antiquities and early literature of Bohemia which was destined to prove so fruitful. Not only was the past ransacked for its treasures of legend and song, but new poets, essayists and historians restored to Czech more than its ancient glory as a literary language; and with the creation of this modern literature, the Czechs became a nation.

Unhappily this fulfilment of Czech aspirations brought them into sharp rivalry with their former lords and, as the struggle became more eager, rivalry intensified into hostility. Conscious of their power, the Bohemians claimed the full rights of a distinct nation. Able leaders fought their battles, and in 1849 Bohemia was once more recognized as a kingdom. Though this victory was followed by a period of reaction, the demand for autonomy was persevered in till Bohemia obtained its Diet and a place in the council of the Empire. But the Czechs were still far from the goal of their desires. They had seen Hungary in 1867 put on a par with the western portion of the Empire, and they would be satisfied with nothing less than complete home rule. Naturally the Germans of Bohemia, led by their nobles, resisted these pretensions. Centralization was as much their interest as autonomy was that of the Czechs. Race prejudice aggravated political partisanship, till the feud reached a pitch of bitterness to which the Anglo-Irish conflict offers no parallel. Even agreement in creed (the bulk of both races being Roman Catholic) failed to soften the rancour with which they regarded each other. At last there came a crisis, and the situation became so intolerable that the Germans (following an example that the Bohemians had set them twenty years before when they declined to sit in the Reichsrath) withdrew entirely from the Diet and left the Czechs to their own devices. In so doing they were unconsciously paving the way for a compromise; for the Czechs, having no opposition, soon split into two parties on the normal lines of Conservatism and Liberalism.

The Germans, self-ousted or boycotted from the Diet, took their revenge in the Reichsrath, where their strength was unassailable. For, though not so numerous as the Slavs even in the Austrian half of the dual monarchy, they are the ruling race, and all the Slavs have not yet recognized the need of combining their forces. But it was clear to the more enlightened statesmen of both origins, and especially to Count Taaffe, the Austrian Prime Minister, that to prolong such a feud of races would ultimately be detrimental to both sections of the people. The Czechs, to attain the great end of their national yearnings, the acknowledgment of their independence under a sovereign of their own, like Hungary, required the co-operation of a majority of the German element. The spirited Young Czech party would still, indeed, have remained proudly aloof, trusting to the justice of their cause—for it was of their own free will that the Bohemians first elected a Hapsburg as their king—and to the inherent vigour of their leaders. But the Old Czechs began to grow alarmed at the daring radicalism of their rival kinsmen, and were not sorry to have the aid of German Conservatives in stemming the tide. A Conference, therefore, was arranged for the settlement of a question which for years had been a source of heart-burning to the Germans of Bohemia—that of language.

A few weeks ago the Conference concluded its labours, and notwithstanding confident predictions of failure, it proved successful beyond the expectations even of the most sanguine. The *modus vivendi* is somewhat complicated in its provisions. Both the Emperor and Count Taaffe—to whose tact and patience the reconciliation is mainly due—were more anxious to leave no room for future complaint than to formulate a scheme that would satisfy the sticklers for legislative symmetry. The new settlement recognizes both languages and grants ascendancy to neither. In districts where Czech prevails, Czech will be the language of the law courts, schools and public offices, and just the same rule will apply to the German districts. In mixed districts provision will be made for separate schools and bi-lingual officials in the courts and public departments. This is regarded as a victory for the Germans who had hitherto to learn Czech in order to practice in the courts and to have their children taught it. This will no longer be obligatory. The Young Czech party looks upon this arrangement as a check to Bohemian aspirations, but the moderate men of the Old Czech party are pleased at the result. In the Diet Germans and Czechs will vote by courts (*curiatim*), whenever a certain number of deputies ask for separation. But such demand will only be made when a question affecting one or other race is before the Diet. On other occasions the lines of race will be disregarded. The system is somewhat complicated, but it has broken the dead-lock that has prevailed for years. Henceforth Czechs and Germans will both have everything their own way, but only where they do not come into rivalry. In the courts, if all the suitors are Czechs or all Germans, only Czech in the one, only German in the other, case will be spoken. But if some be Czech, some German, the procedure will be bi-lingual. The same plan will apply to education. The Constitution recognizes the right of every citizen to the use of his mother tongue, and protects him against any inconvenience that may arise from his exclusive use of it.

THE CLERGY RESERVES.

To the Editor of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED:

SIR,—I believe that your correspondent, Mr. Hemming, is right about the division on the Clergy Reserves Act of 1854-5. The ministry of the day was a coalition one, and the parties and their votes got a little mixed. But as respects church endowments. The parliament of United Canada and the Dominion agreed that all connection between church and state should be removed, but agreed also that in effecting such removal, acquired rights, legal, equitable or moral, should be respected, and they were so: those of the Roman Catholics, by the allowance made on account of the Jesuits' Estates Fund, and those of the Protestants by that made on account of the Clergy Reserves Fund. I believe that made in the case last mentioned was considerably greater in amount than that made to the Roman Catholics in the other, and that this fact might have been taken into consideration by some who most violently denounced the government for not disallowing the act of the Quebec Legislature.

W.

AN EXTRAORDINARY INSURANCE TRANSACTION.—The most wonderful stroke of business in the annals of life insurance was that which was effected on the 24th of December last by the Mutual Life Insurance of New York. It consisted in the payment to the company of a premium of \$578,345 in a single cheque for insurance on the lives of five members of a single family. Each policy was \$100,000 and the insured chose to make but one payment, thus commencing cost. This premium, which closed the year's business of the Mutual Life is greater than the sum total of the business of four companies for a whole year by \$30,943.47.

ON THE THRESHOLD.

On the 5th inst. Prof. Roberts lectured in Quebec on a subject that is dear to him, the literary and political outlook in Canada. He called his subject "On the Threshold," because we are now standing as it were on the threshold of destiny. In the course of his lecture Prof. Roberts said:—

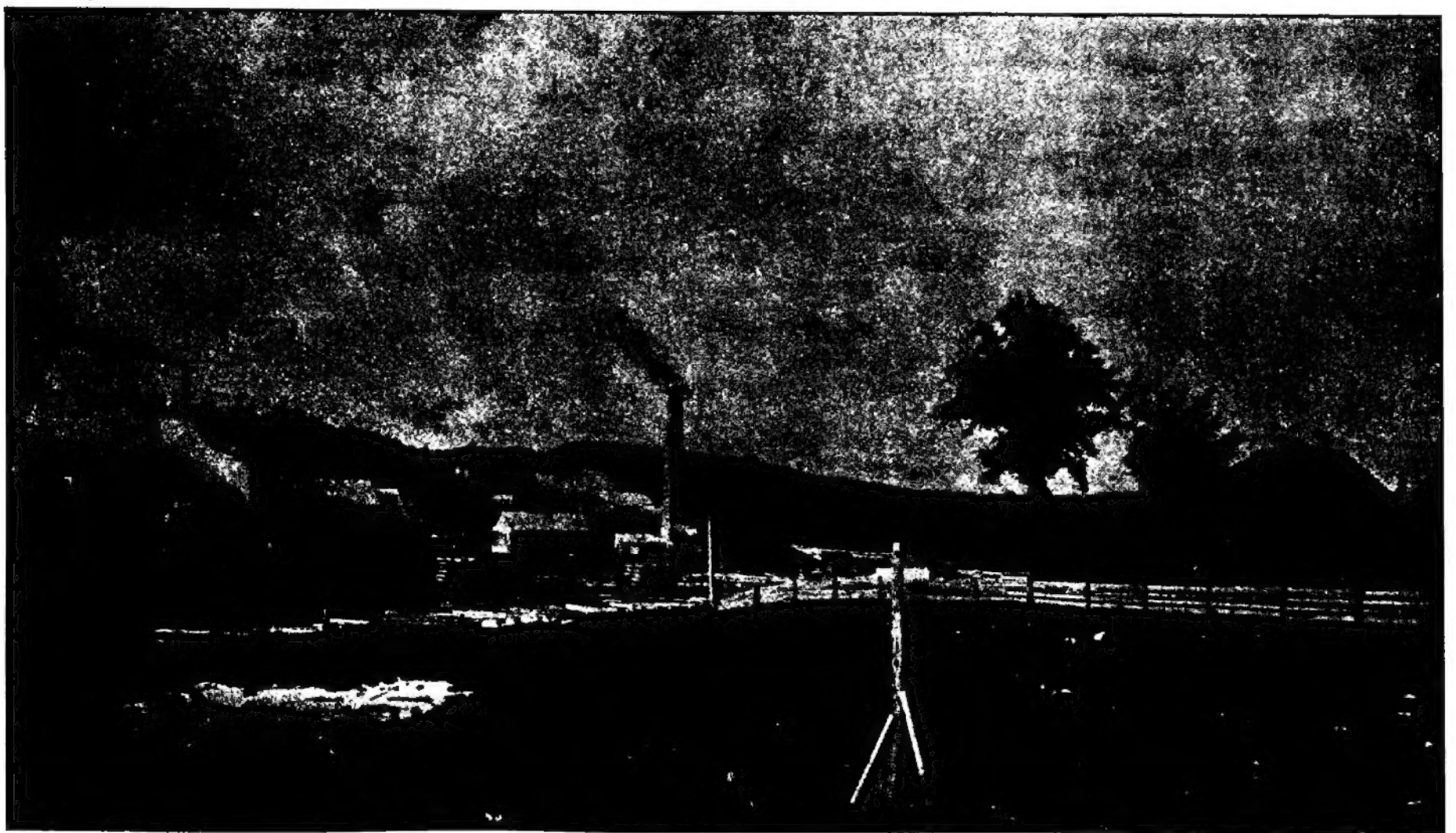
A very few years ago there was no such thing as "the literary life," properly speaking, in Canada, and our literary prospects were almost *nil*. A few men-of-letters we had—poets, historians, romancers—who had captured some reputation in the face of heavy odds. But they were isolated, unsupported, and fettered with disadvantages. Now, however, when the cynical critic presents himself, and declares there is no literary life in Canada, he is regarded as a cheap aspirant for the seat of *Arbiter Elegantiarum*. He is generally counselled to go apart and cultivate his superior discernment, with the prospect of one day being admitted among those austere and impeccable critics who pity us for thinking that even America has as yet produced a book. The fact that our beginnings of a literature are still somewhat crude in many respects, and for the most part distinctly tinged with amateurishness, in no way militates against the existence among us of what we may frankly call the literary life, with all its accompanying power of influencing the national life and sentiment. Our numbers are already such that the instinct of the craft begins to draw us together; our fellow-countrymen begin to acknowledge our *métier*, and listen for our judgments. This being the case, let us glance at a few of the special advantages, restrictions, and possibilities which are incident to literature in Canada. These are so inextricably woven together, that I can only plunge into the subject at a venture, and hold up for comment whatever first comes to my hand. I doubt if even the indifference of contemporaries has had power to kill a really pre-eminent talent—one for whose loss the world has been the poorer. Yet we cannot doubt that many an ardent purpose and unquestionable power has been chilled into inferior development by a lack of recognition. Of course I do not speak of *pecuniary* recognition, which, meaning far more to one department of literary effort than to another, must be referred to in another connection. In this matter of recognition our authors of the present are most fortunate. The first hint of special ability, whether in prose or verse, finds a host of eager watchers to herald it, in the hope that it may meet all our expectations. It is greeted on every side with encouragement and sympathy; it is bidden to come forward and "not blush so to be admired." This is very stimulating to the object of it, and at the same time brings him (or her, as the case may be) into the focus of a concentrated though kindly scrutiny. Our expectations are decidedly high, whence it follows that they are seldom *quite* fulfilled. But of this fact we do not find it necessary to make public proclamation. The new arrival is welcomed heartily into our ranks, to be counted our fellow till he can prove himself our chief. This appreciative system may not be in all respects an unmitigated blessing. We may, perhaps, incline too readily to the detecting of young swans among the ducklings; but surely, seeing that we must expect to err at times, it is well to take heed that our error, when it happens, shall lean toward the generous and human side. It is a mean fear which makes men shrink from giving praise with both hands to whom praise is due. But this sort of pettiness is rare, I think, among Canadian writers. As a class we display singularly little cliquishness, and we are almost entirely undisfigured by those bitter jealousies which divide literary circles in England, France and America, and which give the Philistines on all sides such infinite occasion for mirth. Let us preserve this magnanimity of tone, while remembering to combine honesty with generosity. By the avoidance of literary squabbles we will maintain our dignity, though, perhaps, at the expense of a little free advertisement; and let us bear in mind that the functions of true criticism are less hopelessly obscured by an indulgence in too generous panegyric than by those efforts in elaborate sarcasm which are designed primarily to display the would-be trenchant wit of the critic.



HON. L. R. MASSON, SENATOR.
(Topley, photo.)



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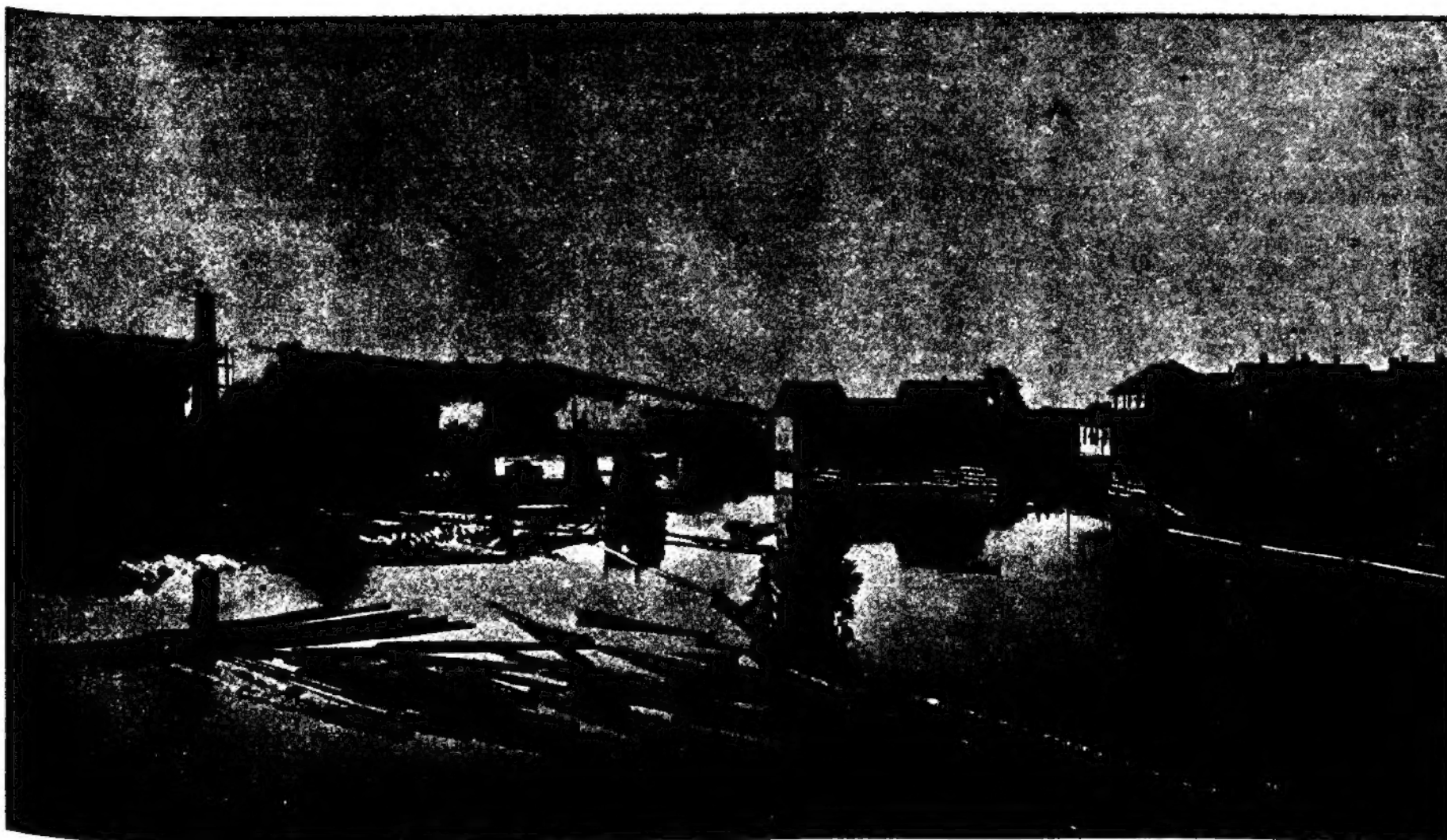
A BUSY SCENE ON THE RIVER ST. JOHN, AT WOODSTOCK, N.B.
(Stoerger, photo.)



JOHN F. WOOD, Esq., M.P.
DEPUTY SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.
(Topley, photo.)



HON. W. J. MACDONALD, SENATOR.
(Topley, photo.)



SAWMILL AND RAILWAY BRIDGE AT WOODSTOCK, N.B.
(Stoerger, photo)



THE GOVERNMENT STEAMER "STANLEY" CROSSING A FIELD OF ICE BETWEEN PICTOU, N.S., AND GEORGETOWN, P.E.I.—Though ordinary navigation closes in Prince Edward Island about the middle of December, and is seldom resumed before the end of April or the beginning of May, this does not imply a complete interruption of the intercourse between the island and the mainland. There has long been submarine telegraphic communication with New Brunswick. Ice-boats carry mails and passengers between Cape Traverse, P.E.I., and Cape Tourmentine, and the steamers pass to and fro nearly the whole winter between Pictou and Georgetown. Our engraving gives a fair notion of what sort of voyage the latter is. The "Northern Light," which had been employed in this service for a number of years, having in 1888 been found on inspection to be badly strained and her engine and boilers practically worthless, it was deemed advisable to procure a new vessel. The "Stanley" was designed by and built under the direction of Capt. McElhinney, of the Marine Department, with every regard for the hard work that is required. The bow is so constructed as to take the ice in a slanting direction, and at such angles as will least obstruct the headway of the vessel. The forefoot or lower part of the stem is raised considerably above the line of the keel to enable her to run over and sink the ice. This vessel has proved successful so far, and has been able to work her way through ice 18 inches in thickness at a rate of about eight miles an hour. She is built wholly of Siemens-Martin steel, and the plating ranges from $\frac{3}{4}$ to 13-16 inches in thickness. The engines are of the triple expansion type and of 2,500 indicated horse-power. The speed obtained in open water is 15 miles an hour. The dimensions are:—Length, 207 feet; breadth, 32 feet; depth, 11.6 feet. The trip across the Strait of Northumberland, from Pictou to Georgetown during the ice season in the "Stanley," is very interesting.

CAPTAIN FINLAYSON, COMMANDER OF THE STEAMER "STANLEY."—This gentleman, whose portrait may be seen on another page, and whose vessel, the "Stanley," is also depicted in this issue, entered the service of the Canadian Government on the 1st of November, 1876, when he was placed in command of the "Northern Light." On the 13th of December, 1888, he took command of the "Stanley," on that vessel being constructed and got ready for the service in which the "Northern Light" had been previously employed. Captain Finlayson is a native of Prince Edward Island, having been born in the town of Belfast there on the 14th of April, 1847, so that he knows the strait and adjacent waters as one "to the manner born." He has had considerable experience both of sailing and steam ships, having commanded vessels of both kinds in the Atlantic. He holds a Board of Trade Certificate as master in both sail and steam. His long experience in navigating the ice in Northumberland Strait make him just the man to take charge of the "Stanley."

THE HON. SENATOR L. R. MASSON, P.C., EX-LIEUT.-GOVERNOR, ETC.—The Hon. Mr. Masson, fourth son of the late Hon. Joseph Masson, M.L.C., was born at Terrebonne, P.Q., on the 7th of November, 1833, and was educated at the Jesuits' College, Georgetown, Worcester, Mass., and at St. Hyacinthe, in this province. Having completed his collegiate studies, he travelled in Europe, in company with the Rev. Abbé Desaulniers, of the College, St. Hyacinthe, for two years, thus laying in a stock of valuable knowledge, which has proved of great advantage to him in his public career. In 1859, having studied law in the office of the late Sir Geo. E. Cartier, Mr. Masson was admitted to the Bar, but he has never practised. Since the year 1862 he has held a commission in the volunteer force. In 1863 he was appointed brigade-major for the 8th Military District; he did active duty on the frontier during the Fenian Raids of 1866, and in the following year was promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Col. Masson had in the meantime held office in the municipality of Terrebonne, of which town he was in 1874 elected mayor. During the previous year he had been offered, but declined, a seat in the cabinet of Sir John Macdonald, owing to his scruples as to certain questions—that of the New Brunswick School Law especially. In 1878 he was again invited to take charge of a portfolio, and on his return from Europe, where he had been travelling, he was sworn in a member of the Privy Council, and appointed Minister of Militia and Defence. During his occupancy of that position, he did much to complete and improve the military organization of the Dominion, devoting attention more particularly to the introduction of drill into the public schools. He had always been in favour of protection as a means for the encouragement of native invention, industry and enterprise, and he put his ideas into practice in discharging the duties of his department by insisting (as far as possible) on the supply of clothes, weapons and ammunition by Canadian firms. Delicate health, unhappily, compelled the honorable gentleman's retirement early in the year 1880, when he became President of the Council. A little later he withdrew from the cabinet altogether. In 1882 he was called to the Senate, and retained his seat in the Upper Chamber until November, 1884, when he was nominated Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec. The duties of that exalted

position the Hon. Mr. Masson discharged with dignity and fairness, and it was with sincere regret that the public of this province and the Dominion learned in the fall of 1887 that the state of his health did not permit him to complete his term of office. On the 20th of October, in the year above mentioned, the Hon. A. R. Angers, our present esteemed Lieutenant-Governor, was appointed his successor. The Hon. Mr. Masson is, however, so situated that he must, even in private life, exert an important influence for good. As the inheritor of a princely fortune, he is constantly called upon to exercise his faculties in administration. The late Madame Masson (*née* Raymond) left, on her death in 1883, large legacies to charitable objects. The Deaf-Mute Institution of this city benefited by her generosity to the extent of \$20,000. Masson College, Terrebonne, is another of her gifts to the cause of education. In 1856 Col. Masson married Miss Louise Rachel, eldest daughter of the late Hon. Lt.-Col. Alexander Mackenzie, M.L.C. This lady having died, leaving a family of three sons and two daughters, Col. Masson married in 1884 Miss Cecile, daughter of Mr. John H. Burroughs, prothonotary of the Supreme Court of Canada. During his retirement from public life, Mr. Masson usefully devoted his leisure to historical research, certain manuscripts in his possession enabling him to shed welcome light on a phase of our national development, touching which our information had hitherto been scanty. The first fruit of his labours was given to the world last year in a volume—"Les Bourgeois de la Compagnie du Nord-Ouest"—of which a brief outline appeared in our columns. It is a record of the utmost interest. A few weeks ago the Hon. Mr. Masson was once more nominated to the Senate.

THE REV. FATHER MCCALLEN, PRESIDENT OF THE ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.—On Sunday, the 16th inst., the St. Patrick's Total Abstinence and Benefit Society commenced the celebration of what few like societies can boast—its jubilee. Fifty years ago the society was formed through the efforts of the Rev. Father Phelan, who afterwards became Bishop of Kingston. Beginning with a mere handful of earnest men, to-day the society numbers its thousands. Some of those who took part in the celebration had been connected with the society from the first. Among these was the vice-president, Hon. Senator Edward Murphy, who has been an office-bearer of the society continuously for forty-nine years. The clergy present on the occasion were the Revs. P. Dowd, J. Toupin, M. Callaghan, J. Callaghan, J. Casey, J. McCallen, J. Lonergan, P.P., St. Bridget's; Father Salmon, St. Mary's; Father O'Meara, St. Gabriel's; Flynn and Girard, C.S.S.R., of St. Ann's; Father Donnelly, St. Anthony's; Father Traggasser, Hotel Dieu; Fathers Deguire and Filiatrault, of St. James, and Brother Arnold. And among the laymen, including representatives of sister societies, there were, besides Senator Murphy, Ald. P. Kennedy, Messrs. H. J. Cloran, Jos. Phelan, R. Lennan, T. J. Finn, P. O'Reilly, T. P. Tansey, J. T. Gethings, A. Jones, J. A. Duclos, F. McCabe, J. P. Nugent, H. Butler, Thos. Latimore and J. Patterson. Besides the usual badge, members wore a tasteful memento of white silk with the inscription—"1840, Golden Jubilee St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society, Feb. 16, 1890." His Grace Archbishop Fabre was the celebrant at early Mass, assisted by the Rev. Fathers J. Toupin and Casey. In the evening there was a large congregation, which comprised the representatives of sister societies, the gentlemen already mentioned having seats of honour. The Rev. Father McCallen, assistant pastor of St. Patrick's Church, selected for his text Exodus XII. 13 & 14: "Erit autem sanguis vobis in signum in ædibus in quibus eritis, et videbo sanguinem et transibo vos, nec erit in vobis plaga disperdens quando percussero terram Ægypti. Habebitis autem hanc diem in monumentum, et celebrabitis eam solemnem Domino in generationibus vestris cultu sempiterno." The reverend gentleman drew a happy parallel between the deliverance of the children of Israel from Egyptian bondage and the rescue of Irishmen from the dreadful bondage of intemperance, and applied his text very forcibly to the actual condition of this city and province, and the urgent need for more earnest and energetic temperance work. The Rev. Father Deguire pronounced the Benediction. The musical portion of the service was exceedingly fine, the "Ave Maria," with violin obligato by Rev. Martin Callaghan being sweetly rendered. The choir was under the direction of Prof. J. A. Fowler, and well sustained its reputation. The altar presented a very pretty appearance, and for its arrangement Mr. S. Young, sacristan, is worthy of credit. The celebration was continued in the Queen's Hall on Monday evening, when the vice-president (Hon. Senator Murphy) delivered an historical review of the society's half century's work. The Rev. James A. McCallen, S.S., was born in Philadelphia in March, 1847. He studied classics in St. Mary's College, Wilmington, Delaware, and St. Charles College, Ellicott City, Md., entering St. Mary's Theological Seminary and University in 1866. In 1869 he was sent to complete his studies in the Seminary of St. Sulpice at Paris, where he was ordained to the priesthood in 1871. During the siege of Paris Father McCallen, then a student in theology, served in the ambulance corps attached to the Seminary of St. Sulpice, which for the five months of the siege was converted into a military hospital for the care of the sick and wounded soldiers. Entering the Society of St. Sulpice in 1871, he was sent to St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, Md., as professor of philosophy, elocution and sacred eloquence. After sixteen years as professor in that institution, he was transferred to St. Patrick's Church, in this city, in September, 1887, being associated with the venerable Father

Dowd, S.S., and the other priests of St. Patrick's in the care of that large and important congregation. He is the president and spiritual director of St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society. The society claims the honour of being the oldest Catholic temperance society on this continent. Its title at its foundation was the "Irish Catholic Temperance Association," changed in 1841 to the "Irish Catholic Total Abstinence Society," and finally, when St. Patrick's Church was opened in 1847, to "St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society," which it still retains. The word "Benefit" was added some years ago when a benefit branch was founded. The following are the names of the rev. presidents of the society in the order of their succession:—Rev. P. Phelan, S.S., Rev. — Richards, S.S., Rev. J. J. Connelly, S.S., Rev. P. Dowd, S.S., Rev. James Hogan, S.S., Rev. F. Bakewell, S.S., Rev. L. W. Leclair, S.S., Rev. — McDonald, Rev. P. J. Kennan, S.S., Rev. M. Callaghan, S.S., and Rev. J. A. McCallen, S.S. The oldest member of the society is the present chief lay officer, Hon. Edward Murphy, who joined the society on the day of its formation, and who, during fifty years of membership, has served forty-nine as an active office bearer. The society is composed not only of those who, on the payment of fixed monthly dues, are entitled to certain pecuniary benefit, but of all the members of St. Patrick's congregation who have pledged themselves to total abstinence, and who have had their names enrolled on the books of the society. At the entertainment in continuance of the celebration at the Queen's Hall on Monday evening Father McCallen delivered a lecture on the "Lights and Shades in Human Character," which was highly appreciated. The Hon. Edward Murphy delivered an historical address, which was both interesting and instructive. The musical portion of the programme was well selected and admirably carried out, the choir, under the direction of Prof. Fowler, and the orchestra, in charge of Mr. P. F. McCaffrey, contributing some selections from Arnaud, Gounod, Balfe, Sullivan and other masters, while Miss Eugénie Tessier and Messrs. J. F. Greene, J. P. Hammill and J. J. Rowan added much to the enjoyment of the large audience. Miss Tessier's song "Smiling Hope" (Lavalée) was greeted with hearty and deserved applause. Altogether the celebration from first to last was worthy of the cause for which it was organized.

JOHN FISHER WOOD, ESQ., M.P., DEPUTY SPEAKER, HOUSE OF COMMONS.—Mr. J. F. Wood, whose recent appointment as Deputy Speaker gave such satisfaction to his constituents and parliamentary colleagues, is still in the prime of life, having been born on the 12th of October, 1852, in Elizabethtown, Leeds County. His father, Mr. John Wood, a well known railroad contractor, came to Canada from Dundee, Scotland, and settled in Brockville. By the mother's side the Deputy Speaker is of Irish origin. Mr. Wood, senior, having married Ann, daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Madden, of Ballycastle, Mayo. Having studied at the Farmersville Grammar School, Mr. J. F. Wood began his course in law, and at Easter term, 1876, was called to the Bar of Ontario, and was soon able to work up a profitable practice. He did not, however, devote himself so exclusively to professional business as to leave himself no opportunity of being of service to his community and country in a public capacity. He has been solicitor for the Counties of Leeds and Grenville, and for the Brockville Building and Savings Society. He has also been vice-president of the Brockville, Westport and Sault Ste. Marie Railroad. In 1882 Mr. Wood was elected to the Dominion Parliament as representative of Brockville, and since he has been a member of the House of Commons, has won the esteem of his fellow-legislators, as well for his abilities as for his moral and social qualities. The manner in which his nomination as Deputy Speaker was received indicates the estimation in which he is held.

THE HON. W. J. MACDONALD, SENATOR, ETC.—This gentleman belongs to a branch of the Macdonalds which claims descent from Somerled, Thane of Argyll and Lord of the Isles, and is the third son of the late Major Alex. Macdonald, of Valley, North Uist and Glendale, Isle of Skye. He was born in the County of Inverness in the year 1832, and came to Canada in 1861. On the 17th of March, 1867, he married Catherine, second daughter of Captain J. M. Reed, of the Honorable Hudson's Bay Company. He has filled the position of Collector of Customs. In 1866 and again in 1871, he was elected Mayor of Victoria, B.C. He has served in the militia, holding the rank of captain, has been a member of the first Board of Education and road commissioner. In 1859 he was elected to the Legislative Assembly of Vancouver Island, in which he served for several years, and has also been a Legislative Councillor in British Columbia. When that province entered the Dominion he was called to the Senate. Senator Macdonald has thus been in public life in Vancouver Island under three dispensations—when the island and the mainland were distinct provinces, after their union under a single administration and under the federal regime.

SCENES AT WOODSTOCK, N.B.—These two scenes bespeak natural advantages well used, enterprise and thrift. The town of Woodstock, N.B., is situated on the St. John river, in Carleton County, of which it is the chief town, and is about 120 miles from the city of St. John. It has long been the centre of a stirring manufacturing district, various kinds of wood and iron works being established there for many years. The saw-mill in one of our views illustrates a fruitful class of industries in which New Brunswick excels, including carriage-building, furniture, doors, sash and blind factories, etc., and several of these are successfully conducted at Woodstock. In the neighbourhood

are deposits of red hematite iron ore, which furnish tough bar iron, suitable for making fine cast steel. Some of this metal has been exported to England for use in plating heavy-armoured ships. Mill machinery and agricultural implements are also produced at Woodstock. The busy scene in one of our engravings only gives a glimpse, therefore, of what Woodstock's full activity is capable of. In the other we see it from a different point of view, and both together are eloquent illustrations of the way in which beauty of scenery, advantages of site and flourishing industrial life are often combined in Canada within the same coup d'œil.

THE DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF THE UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS, TORONTO.—The scene depicted in our engraving is one the reality of which all our readers will deplore. Some of the greatest intellectual triumphs of Ontario and of the Dominion have been associated with this great institution. The charter for King's College, which was its original nucleus, was obtained in 1827 by Sir Peregrine Maitland. In 1842 the college was formally opened, but subsequently, the faculty of theology being withdrawn, the Anglican authorities established a college of their own. A further change was made in 1853 by the separation of the university from the college; in 1873 the constitution was again modified, and in 1887 it was placed upon the present federal basis. The corner stone of the magnificent building, which has been known as "The University," was laid on the 4th of October, 1856. The plans were made by the firm of Cumberland & Storm. The late Mr. Cumberland was sent to Europe by the University Senate of 1855. He had undertaken the work of building, and it was desired that he might examine the various academic buildings of the older countries. He was away for nearly six months, and brought back with him a store of information, which was used in drafting the plans. Mr. W. G. Storm is a surviving member of the firm. In the summer of 1855 the contract for the foundation was let and fulfilled by the late Benjamin Walton. During the winter the plan for the superstructure was completed, and the contract was given to Mr. John Worthington. The carpentry and joining was done by the firm of Jacques & Hay, the painting and glazing by Alexander Hamilton, and the plumbing by Thompson & Keefe. The construction took five years. The architecture of the building was Norman in its general features, and Romanesque in detail. The committee in charge of the work was composed of the late Hon. Wm. Hume Blake, who was chancellor at the time; Vice-Chancellor John Langton, who was the chairman; and Dr. Daniel Wilson, Prof. Cherriman, and Dr. McCaul. Sir Daniel Wilson has received expressions of sympathy from all parts of the Dominion, and promises of help have not been wanting. It is expected that enough of the building will be saved to preserve the architectural features that have been so much admired. Next week we purpose giving two illustrations of the University buildings—showing them as they were before the fire of the 14th inst., and as they are now.

EXHIBITION OF THE MODEL OF THE VIADUCT SCHEME AND PROPOSED HARBOUR FRONT, TORONTO, FROM A SKETCH BY F. M. BELL SMITH, R.C.A.—This scene, from the sketch of a well known Canadian Academician, is a suggestive one. The improvements of which the model indicates the character, are so comprehensive that they will cause a veritable transformation in Toronto. The viaduct itself is described as a splendid piece of workmanship. The fourteen piers that support it are of iron, bolted to stone foundations. The structure is 1,150 feet long; at the south end it is 85 feet high, but the height gradually lessens till, when the northern extremity is reached, it is only 65 feet. Special care has been taken in the construction of the bridge, a single-track one. The iron and wood used on it are of the best. When the scheme is complete and the harbour and harbour front have assumed their final shape, Toronto will be truly a grand city. In the future when the *modus operandi*, including the long discussions and deliberations that preceded the taking of action, has passed into comparative oblivion, Mr. Bell Smith's picture will recall the practical starting-point of the new era, the exhibition of the model.

THE NEW DEPARTMENTAL BUILDING, OTTAWA.—This fine structure, lately added to the noble pile of Ottawa's public buildings, was begun in 1883. In September of that year a contract was entered into with Mr. A. Charlebois for its erection, and the work was vigorously pushed on. The building is faced with sandstone, backed with brick, on a very solid stone foundation. The floors and ceilings are constructed with wrought iron girders and rolled iron joists, with brick arches between and concrete on top. The entrance halls and corridors are laid in encaustic tiles, set in cement. The Wellington street elevation is 280 feet long, the Elgin street 110 feet, and the Metcalfe street 90 feet. There are sub-basement, basement, and ground, first, second and attic floors. The Wellington street elevation includes basement, three stories and attic, and is broken by a central projection and two angle pavilions projecting 12 feet. The general height of this elevation from the level of the sidewalk to the deck of the roof is 96 feet, the central projection being, however, carried up 212 feet, and the angle projections 104 feet above the level of the sidewalk. All the details are finished with the utmost care, and the general effect is in harmony with the admirable architecture of Ottawa's other public buildings.

INDIAN HOUSES, ETC.—There is nothing of moment to be said regarding these edifices save that they are thoroughly characteristic. They form a feature in the experiences

of Mr. Tyrrell, F.G.S., which are described in the last Report of the Geographical Survey.

FOREST FIRE, NEAR PALLISER, B.C., IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—Some of our readers may recall the destructive fires that carried devastation through the timber tracts of this elevated region and did much damage to general property. In the Calgary district the mountains were enveloped in a dense smoke through a great part of the summer, much to the annoyance of excursionists. What with clouds and smoke the air sometimes became so heavy that the electric light had to be used in Calgary at 2.30 p.m. Our engraving, from a photograph taken at the time, gives a good idea of the appearance of the forest when the fire was doing its work.



Mr. L. O. David, M.P.P., has been lecturing on "The Political Future of Canada."

Professor Legault has formed a military corps, to be called the Independent Guard of Salaberry.

The annual dinner of the non commissioned officers of the Queen's Own Rifles takes place on the 21st inst.

The commission of the Hon. Mr. Lacoste, as Q.C., was read last week before Mr. Justice Taschereau in open court.

Father Babonneau, of the Order of St. Dominic, will preach the Lenten sermons in the Notre Dame Church, Montreal.

Mr. Colter (Reform) and Mr. Montague (Conservative) have been nominated for the representation of Haldimand in the House of Commons.

Hon. Senator Masson has been added to the committees on standing orders and private bills, on banking and commerce, and on debates.

Lieut.-Col. Boulton, in moving the resolution in reply to the Speech from the Throne, appeared in full uniform, following the precedent established in the Imperial Parliament.

Lieut.-Col. E. G. Prior, M.P., whose portrait and a sketch of whose career appeared in our last issue, has been chosen to command the Wimbledon Team of the present year.

Miss Nellie MacNutt, daughter of Mr. C. S. MacNutt, has been appointed governess at Rideau Hall to the children of their Excellencies the Governor-General and Lady Stanley of Preston.

Prof. Robertson, of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, has been presented by the students of that institution with a splendid silver water pitcher and goblets, accompanied by a complimentary address.

The Hon. G. W. Allan, Speaker of the Senate, and Mrs. Allan gave a dinner on the evening of the 13th inst., which was largely attended, among the guests being Sir John Macdonald and many members of both Houses.

The "Cercle La Fontaine" has elected the following officers:—Mr. Theophile Goulet, president; Mr. L. Labelle, vice-president; Mr. J. E. Pilon, secretary-treasurer; Mr. Eugene Michaud, assistant-treasurer; Mr. Joseph Loranger, jr., manager.

We are glad to know that the Hon. Senator Abbott has somewhat recovered from his recent illness. He has gone, accompanied by Miss Abbott, to Florida, the milder air of which State will shortly, it is to be hoped, effect his complete restoration to health.

At the last dance of the season of the Montreal Hunt, the handsome portrait of the Master, John Crawford, Esq., by Mr. R. Harris, R.C.A., which was recently presented to him by the members and other friends, occupied the place of honour on the walls of the Kennels. It was much admired, both as an excellent likeness and as a work of art.

The funeral of the late Mr. Leger Brousseau, proprietor of *Le Courier du Canada*, Quebec, took place at ten o'clock on the morning of the 12th inst., from the Basilica, where the service was conducted by Monsignor Marois, Grand Vicar. Notwithstanding the severe snowfall, a large number of prominent citizens and newspaper men attended.

The use of the French language by Mr. J. J. Curran, M.P., in speaking on the North-West dual language question was a compliment which the honorable gentleman's French-Canadian colleagues have not failed to appreciate. Mr. Curran speaks effectively in French, but, of course, like every orator that is worthy of the name, he is most at home in the use of his mother tongue.

In the last report of the Department of Militia and Defence, Sir Fred. Middleton refers in high terms of praise to the career of Lieut. Stairs, R.E., who, he says, "has gained a world-wide reputation by the gallantry, zeal and ability displayed by him in Henry M. Stanley's late expedition." As our readers are aware, Lieut. Stairs is a graduate of the Royal Military College, Kingston.

In the Cairo correspondence of the London *Times* a high compliment is paid to our fellow-countryman, Lieut. Stairs. Mr. Stanley, explaining on what principle he had selected the officers of his expedition, said, that among the letters

of application, there was one that went straight to the point, saying neither too much nor too little. To the writer he at once telegraphed: "Come." The officer thus chosen was Lieut. Stairs, and the leader of the expedition had no reason to regret his choice.

Sir John and Lady Macdonald received at dinner the following ladies and gentlemen on Saturday:—Hon. Mr. Costigan and Mrs. Costigan, Hon. Mr. Tupper and Mrs. Tupper, Mrs. Allan, Hon. Mr. Howland and Mrs. Howland, Hon. Mr. Prowse, Miss Sullivan, Mr. Cargill, M.P., and Mrs. Cargill, Mr. Girouard and Mrs. Girouard, Mr. Huds-peth, M.P., Mr. Jones, M.P., (Digby); Mr. Scarth, Mrs. Scarth, the Venerable Archdeacon of Kingston, Mr. and Mrs. J. Cameron Bate, Dr. Selwyn and Miss Selwyn, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick White.

The latest novel of Edgar Fawcett is dedicated to Prof. C. G. D. Roberts, of Windsor, who is apprised of the fact in the following genial note:—"My dear Charles,—You have so often, in your shining and capable role of poet and scholar, proved gracious to livelier and less tragic work of mine than this, that I shall now tax your goodness a little more, and offer you a story whose only recommendation must be its truth, and whose lack of art may perchance find in you the same indulgent critic of former friendly years. Ever faithfully, THE AUTHOR."

The Ottawa *Citizen* pays a high and deserved compliment to Miss Helen Gregory, who has for some time been staying at the capital. It refers to her distinguished career at college, her double degree (in music and arts), and her contributions to the literary and art magazines and journals. "Like all clever women," says the *Citizen*, "Miss Gregory is evidently diffident, being inclined to enjoy the knowledge of possessing gifts rather than demonstrative in the display of them."

In a recent article, the New York *World*, referring to Miss Gregory's high attainments as a trained musician, says:—"Unlike other women composers, Helen Gregory stands almost alone in her profession. She is a writer of the ultra classical, and enjoys the distinction of having been the first woman to have conferred upon her the dual degrees of musical bachelor and bachelor of arts. Few imagine the necessary capabilities required for the attainment of such honours." The *World* then gives an outline of the course at Trinity University, Toronto, which we have already published. It gives us real pleasure to find Miss Gregory's talents thus appreciated abroad.

Hon. C. H. and Mrs. Tupper gave a dinner party on the evening of the 13th inst., to which the following were invited:—Sir Adolphe and Lady Caron, Hon. John and Mrs. Carling, Hon. J. A. and Madame Chapleau, Sir John and Lady Thompson, Hon. C. C. Colby, Hon. the Speaker of the Senate and Mrs. Allan, the Hon. the Speaker of the House of Commons and Madame Ouimet, Hon. Senator Dickey, Mr. P. White, M.P., and Mrs. White, Mr. Cargill, M.P., and Mrs. Cargill, Mr. W. B. Scarth, M.P., and Mrs. Scarth, Mr. F. Madill, M.P., and Mrs. Madill, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Miss Campbell.

The following were the invited guests at a dinner given on the 11th inst by the Hon. the Speaker of the House of Commons and Mrs. Ouimet:—Hon. Chas. Tupper and Mrs. Tupper, Hon. Mr. Dewdney and Mrs. Dewdney, Hon. Geo. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mr. Barnard and Mrs. Barnard, Mr. Ross and Mrs. Ross, Sir Fred. Middleton and Lady Middleton, Mr. Small and Mrs. Small, Hon. Geo. Gwynne and Mrs. Gwynne, Mr. R. White and Mrs. White, Mr. Courtney and Mrs. Courtney, Hon. Mr. Alex. Mackenzie and Mrs. Mackenzie, Hon. Mr. Wm. Macdougall and Mrs. Wm. Macdougall, Hon. Mr. Laurier and Madame Laurier, Hon. Mr. Lacoste and Mademoiselle La Rocque.

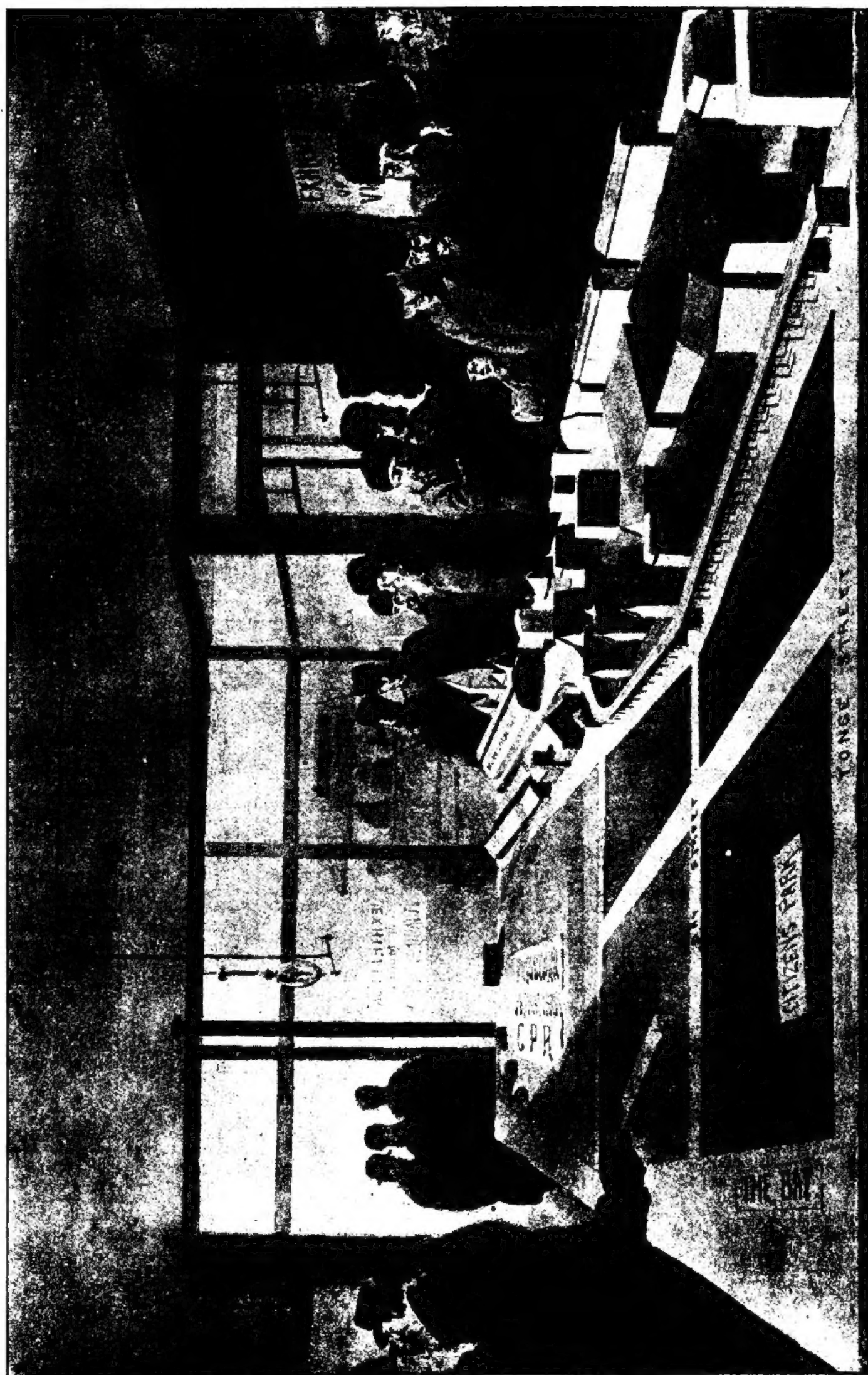
Among prominent Vermont officials and citizens of Burlington who visited Montreal lately along with the Ethan Allen Engine Company, No. 4, were Mayor W. A. Crombie, Lieut.-Governor N. A. Woodbury; ex-Chief of the Fire Department, L. C. Grant; Louis Turk, Charles Minor, ex-Alderman Smith, Ald. J. W. Hayes, G. L. Delaney, Cashier Burgess, of the Howard National Bank; Messrs. Albert E. Strong, M. C. Berry, Fred Wells, Robt. Roberts, George Holden, Barstow, J. J. Enright, Dr. Miller, Severson, Ald. Elias Lyman, Berthelet, and Rev. Mr. Kitts. The company, numbering about seventy, were commanded by Captain W. H. Lane. They sat down to a cosy dinner in the Ladies' Ordinary of the Windsor Hotel, presided over by Mr. Robert Roberts. Chief Benoit and Sub-Chief McCulloch were there representing the city.

A dinner was held at the Victoria Club, Toronto, in honour of Mr. Frank M. Wade, who is about to leave Toronto for Chicago, where he has accepted a position of trust and responsibility. Some twenty-five gentlemen were present and did full justice to the ample repast provided. Mr. Wade is one of the most popular of Toronto's many popular men, and he is voted everywhere as a prince of good fellows. An enthusiastic yacht-man, a good cricketer, a first rate canoe and a splendid swimmer, he naturally came in contact with every style of man and the favourable verdict was unanimous. Among all who knew him his loss will be deeply and sincerely felt, and the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED joins heartily in the good wishes of all his friends for his future health, wealth and prosperity, and with them wishes him god-speed. We trust that, "as the whirligig of time rolls on," it may roll Mr. Wade back to his Ontario home to occupy a higher position than he now goes to accept.



DESTRUCTION BY FIRE OF THE TORONTO UNIVERSITY ON FRIDAY EVENING, THE 14th INSTANT.

(From a sketch by F. M. Bell Smith, R.C.A.)



EXHIBITION OF A MODEL OF THE PROPOSED VIADUCT AND HARBOUR FRONT IMPROVEMENTS, TORONTO.

(From a sketch by F. M. Bell Smith, R.C.A.)

MY VISIT TO AN ENGLISH COAL-PIT.

One of my earliest recollections in connection with the outer world is of an ardent desire to see the interior of a coal-pit, and it became a standard grievance with me that none of my friends and relations among the coal owners and ironmasters of Staffordshire would listen to my request to be introduced to the methods and manners of those abysmal depths whence we derive so much of our comfort and convenience.

I knew—for I am speaking of forty years ago—that women, and girls of tender age, went into the pit to work; and I could not understand why a girl-visitor, under proper escort, should not be as much in her place down there as those of her sex who got their living within the tabooed limits. But no representations or remonstrances of mine could move the powers that were, and my longing remained unsatisfied. "All things come to him who waits," said Napoleon Bonaparte. He should have added, "and watches his opportunities." After thirty years, twenty of which had been spent away from my native land, my opportunity came. I was in the County of Durham, in the very midst of the great northern coal-field of England, surrounded by coal-pits, coke-ovens, pit-men, pit-smoke and cinders.

It was half-past twelve of a New Year's morning, and a few of us who had been to watch-night service were seated round the cheerful hearth of the Wesleyan minister of the village—a village of some five thousand inhabitants, it is to be remarked—sipping our coffee, when some turn in the conversation brought my unsatisfied longing to mind, and I enquired:

"Do the owners allow visitors to the pits?"

"Sometimes," was the reply, "if the visitor has a very good reason, or is acquainted with an official whom he can persuade."

"Then might I persuade you to 'persuade' some official among your friends on my behalf? It is an old, but not less an ardent, desire of mine to go down a coal-pit and see the workings."

"I should like to go down, too," said a lady who, like myself, was a visitor to the family.

"And you, Mrs. Black, would you like to go down also?" enquired the gentleman we were addressing of our hostess.

"No, thank you. I never was curious about such places."

"Well," replied the gentleman to us, "I think I can manage it for you, ladies. The men will be off work to-morrow—that is, to-day I mean—but the engineer will have to be on duty at certain hours to attend to the ventilation-shift, and if Mr. Johnston, the chief overseer, will take us down, and I have no doubt he will oblige me so far, though it is a holiday, I shall be happy to be at your service. Of course, you will be of the party?" he added, addressing our host.

"Certainly. Indeed, I have never been in a pit myself, though brought up on the edge of the Yorkshire 'black country.'"

Rising to leave, our friend said: "I will let you know all the particulars by ten o'clock to-morrow—this morning. You must, however, put on your worst clothes, for, between coal dust and drip, a pit is rather a dirty place."

Various arrayed in antiquated bonnets, cast-off cloaks and forgotten coats, eleven o'clock of a stormy New Year's morning found us crossing the muddy street to the big gates in the high brick wall that surround the works of The Lodge Colliery. Here we found our friend of the "small hours" of the morning, together with Mr. Johnston, the overseer of the pit, the engineer and one of the book-keepers, who, though employed about the works from his boyhood, had never had an opportunity before of going down the pit.

On entering the yard, which was ballasted with cinders, we found ourselves between a wilderness of immense coal-trucks standing on tracks—of which there were many—and the works. By works, nothing relating to manufacture is signified. It is the technical term for all the buildings connected with a large colliery, and The Lodge Colliery is one of the largest and best managed of any in the County of Durham, which is saying a great deal. The works then consist of an extension range of offices, where is carried on all the commercial business of the colliery. Here are offices whose clerks keep the daily record of the pit,—the men employed, their shifts, or hours of labour, the condition of the mine—its pumping, ventilation and extension; the output of coal, its quality; the mishaps that attend its "getting"—not nearly so many as one might expect; the amount of labour and material employed, and all those particulars so necessary to a proper understanding of the constant value of the property, and to the reports required by government. Next are offices that deal with the disposal of the coal—its sale and transmission to the various points of credit: whether it be to coke oven close at hand, or to sea-port on any part of the coast, for English coal goes everywhere, not only as fuel for steamers, but as supplies for "peoples not so blest." The rolling stock of the company involved in so large an amount of handling, and which carries the coal wherever it may be sent throughout the United Kingdom, employs the clerks of more offices; and to these must be added the paymaster's office, or offices, for, as may be judged, the regular payment of so many workers of all grades is no small thing.

Above and beyond all these are the private offices of the firm of "colliery owners" themselves, comprising, not

only the large and comfortable apartments with the name of each gentleman on his own private door, but also a large office, where the firm transacts its particular business. To this room one or more smaller rooms are attached, for the convenience of a manager or a confidential clerk. It goes without saying that all these private offices are excellently furnished, and are kept in the highest state of order and cleanliness, notwithstanding the proximity of so much that is called "dirt."

Opposite to the well-kept offices stood the great engine-house, above which loomed, to the height of seventy or eighty feet, its immense chimney, or more properly, stack, which belches forth, day and night, holiday and working-day, volumes of smoke and steam, that, except on a very warm or windy day, falls on the passer-by like a shower of fine rain. Following our guide along a graded road like a foot-bridge, we found ourselves in the presence of the pumping engine. This is an immense structure of wheels, shafts and gear, all connected with the pumping of the mine. The Lodge Pit is what is called a "wet pit," and if the pumping was suspended for any length of time the miners would be nearly drowned out. To describe this engine is beyond my ability and my subject, suffice it to say that the boiler looked more like a railway carriage, for size and capacity, than anything else I can think of. To give us an idea of the power supplied by this wonderful machine, our guide "had us," as John Bunyan says, "to the roof of the building," which we climbed by means of a steep iron step-ladder, to see that portion of the fly wheel that could not be accommodated within the lofty limits of the engine room. Above us still rose some twenty or thirty feet of this tremendous circumference, the revolutions of which seemed to shake the very air.

From this elevated position a large portion of the neighbouring country was visible. On one hand the blackness, smoke and orderly disorder of a great colliery district, beyond which, in this instance, was visible a good deal of the first railway line in the world, the line on which George Stephenson conducted his earliest experiments in locomotive engineering, but now become a great centre of the mineral traffic of the district. On the other lay a beautiful rolling champaign country, green as an emerald, and diversified by beech and oak woods, and more than one beautiful pastoral village—its church spire rising from the midst of its church-yard trees, while in the near foreground, like a silver ribbon ran a bright river to seek the refuge of the classic Wear, ere it found its way to the stormy waters of the bleak North Sea. But the wind was too rough and cold to allow us to remain long on so elevated a position, and we hastened down the narrow-stepped ladder again.

"Not that way, ladies," cried our guide as we endeavoured to descend gracefully and found our skirts in the way. "Turn half round and come down one foot first. That's the only safe way to come down a step ladder."

Then we retraced our steps down the graded way and went to a sort of shed, where we found the great furnace that raised the steam in the boiler of the pumping-engine. Above our heads was a horizontal mass of fire, some thirty feet or more in extent. Not being in full blast, the fire did not present that glowing appearance we looked for. Proof of its activity, however, was furnished by the constant and regularly recurring "thud! thud!" of the pumping valves as they raised from one hundred to two hundred tons of water from the pit at each stroke. The way this immense fire was "poked" was by the constant, but slow, revolution of the undergrating, which thus carried away the ash as it formed.

Thence we went to another engine-room, where stood the "winding-engine," and here we found the engineer, who, like every engineer worth the name, loved his beautiful machine, and was proud to show and explain its duties and capabilities; but these I cannot repeat, nor can I explain to you the use of the many signalling dials that occupied various points about the engine-room. I know that some indicated temperature, some water-levels, others conveyed signals to the depths of the mine, and others received them. Close by was a large low chamber, whither our guide now led us, and here we came in direct contact with the pit. Several small trucks stood empty on railway tracks laid in the floor. A weighing-machine, also let into the floor, stood not far from a great chasm filled with a sort of rough hoist, attached to a cable, which ran over a wheel at the end of a great beam or arm, belonging to the "winding-engine" we had just seen. By means of this engine everything that goes into or comes out of the pit is conveyed—from a man, a pit-pony, or a truss of hay, to the coal that comes up in the small trucks, each holding half a ton. Here stood also the weigh-master's desk, and it was his business to keep account of all the coal thus delivered, to credit it to the right working, and to send it off to the next handler. The weighing is easily accomplished by means of the tracks, which are laid on the floor of the hoist, or "cage," as it is called, which brings up the trucks, and meet those laid on the floor, which lead both on and off the weighing machine. The weigh-master, being a very responsible servant of the company, is well paid, and it is a post the young men are always proud to occupy. But now the engineer enters his room, and, while we are waiting for the magic touch that shall raise "the cage" to the level of the floor, so that we may enter and begin our descent into the shades below, we notice a few strips of leather nailed to the wall at intervals and enquire what they are for.

"They are for the men to stick their pipes into, ma'am, before they go down."

"But why do they have to leave them there?"

"Because of the fire-damp, ma'am. The least spark of

fire might cause an explosion if gas was in the pit, and the men are so careless."

"You don't mean to say that men will risk their lives by taking lighted pipes down?"

"They just stick them into their pockets and forget all about the danger. So we search every man that goes down, and, if his pipe is in his pocket, he is sent to gaol for three months."

"But isn't that severe punishment?"

"It's forced on us by the men's carelessness. Only a few weeks ago one of our best and steadiest men had to go. He was quite as astonished as the searcher when his pipe was discovered. He had dropped it into his pocket when he came into the yard, intending, he said, to stick it up, but forgot all about it."

Further remark was stopped by our being requested to step into the cage, which one of the party did with a vivid consciousness that said stage stood on nothing over an awful chasm of some seventeen hundred feet in depth. The "down-cast-shaft," as the entrance to the pit is termed, varies in depth according to the nearness of the coal seam to the surface. Six hundred feet is a very short shaft for the northern coal-field of England, but seventeen hundred feet is an unusual depth. And we were told that there was still another "level," or "working," below that to which we were descending. The cage is like an elevator, with two sides instead of four, and is divided vertically into two compartments—in each of which four or five persons may easily stand, or even two more, if they are not afraid of getting too near the edge. As we went down smoothly and pretty rapidly, enough light followed us to make darkness visible, and enable us to see that the sides of the shaft were trickling with water at many points. (As the shaft is under a roof, this refraction of light to such great depths forms a subject for some consideration to the enquirer. There was, and could be, no light admitted through hundreds of feet of solid earth, mostly limestone rock.) As has been said by another: "The down-cast is the eye of the mine, and admits all the light and life that it receives." We soon found ourselves at the bottom—a little vibratory, yet not giddy, and wholly free from any of the woes which had been prophesied to us. We were neither seasick, nor dazed, nor half dead with headache. No doubt these horrors belonged to the descent in by-gone times, when there was no known means of ventilating a mine, and its mephitic vapours remained for ever unchanged. We touched bottom very gently, and the first thing we saw was a white cat! Pussy seemed quite at home and mewed us a welcome; but showed her British independence of character by refusing our attempts at friendliness on a first encounter. The next thing that astonished us was white-wash. Hitherto we had been in immediate contact with that deep, dense, blackness that comes of coal dust minutely and persistently laid on; but the walls of the wide vault in which we found ourselves at the bottom of the shaft were a very respectable and refreshing white.

However, we had not much time for reflection on the two paradoxes simultaneously presented to us, but were called to follow our guide, who, turning a sharp corner into a passage close by, introduced us to another engine-room. Here we found another immense engine, the engineer of which was proud to show us its beauties and explain its capabilities. This engine was employed in "hauling," that is in fetching up to the bottom of the shaft long trains of trucks which, having been filled by the "hewers" in various parts of the pit, were gathered together at a convenient rendezvous or depot by means of ponies, and from thence put in connection with the engine we saw before us. The room was a wide, somewhat low, well bricked and white-washed vault, furnished with a desk and benches. Here the gentlemen of our party were furnished with "Davy's," the only light which we were to have in our wanderings in the depths of the mine. And a very insignificant light it was that these safety-lamps furnished, for the frame is but about three inches in diameter, the oil-box within is only some two inches deep, the wick is round, and as the safety of the lamp depends on the perfect isolation of the flame from outside air, the light is dim and further veiled by the fine wire gauze that surrounds it. A little wire contrivance is so fixed within that by turning the bottom of the "Davy" round it is possible to snuff, or rather knock off, the dead particles of the wick; but no attempt at illumination of any dimensions of space is either needed or required by law; all the miner wants is to see his road a few inches before his footsteps—not even this if he is well acquainted with it—and to have light enough to "hew" by. Our host of the moment, the engineer, invited us to leave any wraps we might have in his room, as we should find walking in a coal pit, where there was no wind and a very equable temperature, warm work.

"And where shall we go first?" enquired our guide.

"To the stables," replied our friend.

Stables in a coal-pit! The idea was novel and grotesque, but there they were at the end of a cobble-stoned passage we now traversed. And there, in loose boxes, each with his name, "Jerry," "Blackbird," "Mouser," inscribed in chalk on a rough board at the entrance of his box, stood, up to the fetlock in clean straw, and munching hay out of a rack, half a dozen pit ponies.

"And where do they get their water?" we enquired.

"Do you see that trough that runs beneath the racks?" said our friend, holding his Davy forward, "that is kept running with clear water that comes into the pit chiefly from the rock above the coal, but sometimes from fissures in the coal itself. It is beautiful water and quite fit to drink. This is what is called a 'watery' pit, and unless

the pumps were adequate and always at work, there would often be danger of flooding."

"Are there many accidents from this cause?"

"Slight ones. Do you see that fellow there that seems to know me—Hallo, Mouser, old fellow! Six weeks ago you wouldn't have given two pence for him; his neck was torn and bleeding, his eyes closed—though that's no great loss to a pit pony,—and one leg was terribly hurt. The wall of coal that kept in a body of water suddenly gave way and fell on Mouser and his driver."

"Oh, dear, and was the driver killed?"

"Luckily not, but he was half drowned."

"And who takes care of these fine little fellows; are there stable boys in the pit?"

"No, every driver has his own pony, but the care and feeding of them is done by their owners. The firm hire their ponies now, instead of buying them, and thus ensure for them better care than they used to get when they owned them, for they are only paid for when in proper working condition, accidents of course allowed for, and there is no room for the cheating in the matter of straw and horse feed that used to go on under the old system."

"And do the ponies live and die down here?"

"Oh, no; at intervals, about every six months, they are taken up and put out to grass for a few weeks."

"They must like that."

"Yes, better than their owners do; for they get so sleek and delicate in the warm and regular temperature of the pit that they require to be looked after a good deal to prevent them catching cold when they get on to the breezy pastures. You must have noticed what long rough coats they have above ground."

"Yes, but they are so sturdy-looking."

Leaving our interesting friends, the pit-ponies, we now followed our guide along narrow—I need hardly say dark—passages, not knowing why or whither we went, but now and then he would stop and explain matters. Here he showed us that the coal lay in a seam of varying thickness, on the clay. We looked beneath our feet, and with limestone rock above, we observed what we called the roof: and this, he said, was always the case, clay beneath, coal above, rock above that; and then a varying strata, chiefly alluvial soil, at the surface. Below the clay on which we were then standing, he said, there was rock, then coal, then clay again, but this being the main "level" of the pit, was the best for us to explore. Wherever we went there was coal on either hand like a wall, and nearly as smooth, for the "hewers" attain great skill and can keep a plumb line and flat surface called a "face" with astonishing accuracy; and as we marched along, with our guide's Davy in the distance for our beacon—for we could not see him at a distance of thirty feet or so,—we felt a great respect steal over us for the hardy and industrious men, black, grimy, rough in speech and manner as we knew them to be, whose hands had opened up these cavernous vaults, which in some of the older pits are known to measure, if they were put in a straight line, some eighty miles and even more. And then it occurred to us that not only had the collier to walk to his work above ground, but also below, and sometimes to great distances.

Rather a rough knock on the head brought us quickly back to ourselves; the narrow road we were traversing had grown very shallow, and we were actually obliged to bend down in order to proceed at all; the seam had been thin here. Under foot it grew very rough also, the road was strewn with broken rock, some of which had had to be hewn in order to get through at all, and suddenly our leader's light disappeared. However, he had but turned into a cross cutting, and my escort knew how to follow. Here it became evident that all the cuttings crossed each other at right angles. This, it seems, is the regular plan of laying out all the more modern pits in the Northern coal-field. The coal area belonging to one firm of owners, or rather one "pit," is laid out in square blocks, each of several acres in extent; through these blocks are driven the great roads, with the narrower at right angles. A certain portion of coal is left between for the necessary support of the superincumbent mass, but occasionally, after a working moved that is proper to the safety of the whole, it is found necessary to prop up the roof with supports, for either the action of the air, or the almost insensible vibration of the earth will cause the rock to "sag" a little, but that little uncared for means danger. We had come upon such a spot; it was an old working, and as our guide paused and held up his lantern, the light showed some weird effects. The cutting was a wide one, twelve feet, perhaps, from side to side. Along it, as far as the eye could reach, stood rows of columns of no great thickness wreathed with what appeared to be light masses of lace-work of the purest white. The same delicate tracery depended from the roof, and joining with the wreathing of the pillars, gave their tops the appearance of rich capitals. It was indeed a fairy scene, and the more striking from its contrast to the heavy blackness we had hitherto been surrounded by. Nothing that we had seen gave us the clue to an explanation of this beautiful phenomenon, why it existed, or whence it proceeded. On examination it proved to be a fungoid growth caused by the warm, moist air of the forsaken working, seldom disturbed by the gentlest current, acting upon the young pine wood of which the columns consisted. But it was impalpable and elusive in the extreme. It was impossible to "gather" it; it went to nothing at the touch; and all the memorials of so much loveliness we brought away with us were several white spots on our black straw bonnets which we

could not by any means remove. Nature is indeed the arch alchemist.

"That's called pit-wood," said our guide, indicating the columns; "it's four-year-old pine, and the quantity that's needed in this part of the country would surprise you. It's a good source of income to some. There's a gentleman not far from here came into his estates as poor as a church mouse, every stick of timber on it sold, nearly every bit cut down, mortgages here, mortgages there. Poor fellow, he didn't know what to do to live on, and felt it hard to lose the old family property. What did he do but plant young pine,—lots of seedlings to be had wild,—lived hard, worked hard, and kept himself to himself. Folks laughed and called him 'as big a fool as his father.' But in three years he culled those pines, cut them up for 'pit wood,' and made enough by the job to clear off the mortgage on the old Hall. And now he's a rich man, owns every stone and stick on the old estate, and has it all covered with pine timber where it was bare and bleak, and all out of 'pit-wood.' Folks don't call him 'fool' now."

Having left our fairy scene far behind, we came where there were tracks under our feet, a veritable little railway, the rails about eighteen inches apart, sleepers at equal distances, and the marks of little hoofs in the slushy mud between rails; we had come into the midst of a "working," somewhere near, the coal was being got out, and on these tracks, or "the tram" as it is called, run the hewer's half-ton trucks—it must be remembered that an English ton weighs 2,240 lbs.—drawn by our friends the pit ponies, and driven by boys—not under twelve by Act of Parliament—as rough as themselves. It was well for us that the pit was "off work," or here we should have been in great danger, for the drivers can give no quarter, as truck follows truck at very short intervals, and interlopers in a pit are but "furriners," and are to be treated accordingly—at least that is what those who know told the ladies of the party, one of whom wished the men had been at work that she might "study" them. But here is a door that stops the way! "Do you see this hole at the side here?" says our guide. "Yes." "That is the 'trapper's' hole. That's the little lad that sits there, and when the driver gives the signal he opens this door and shuts it again as soon as the truck is past. Put your ear to that door and listen." We did so, and it seemed to us as though a gale were blowing on the other side; we could not understand it.

(To be Continued.)

THE FLAG.

"But have we really a Canadian flag? * * * We cannot expect our children to love and serve enthusiastically any mere abstraction. There must be a tangible reality around which their affections shall cluster."—*Erol Gervase*. Correspondence in *The Week*, Jan. 24th, 1893.

Unfurl the Flag! We fain would see
The one that bears our Maple Tree;—
Are there no eyes will glad behold
That banner from its staff unrolled?
Canada! Dear Canada!
Fling wide thy stainless banner!

Yes, there are eyes, all clear and bright
In youthful morning's rosy light,
Will dance with patriot joy to see
Their country's banner waving free!—
Canada! Dear Canada!
Give to the breeze thy banner!

O wild-wood banner! not to thee
Look eyes alone that keenly see;
But there are some that dim have grown,
Would see the flag we call our own;
Canada! Dear Canada!
Hide not thy chosen banner!

The lily-flag, we deem it fair,
As any flower our fields may bear;
And with what pride yon ruddy cross
We mark on royal breezes toss!
Canada! Loved Canada!
Dost thou not have thy banner?

O Mother of the brave and free!
Deem'st this as treason unto thee?
Fear not from thine own children ill;
A nation—they are loyal still!—
But Canada, our Canada!
Must she not have her banner?

Sure Britain's Flag we love not less,
And Britain's Queen we all must bless;
And Britain's honour, faith and fame,
We still shall treasure here the same,
In Canada! Dear Canada!
Beneath our woodland banner!

Then hail the banner! Sacred be
This symbol of our Liberty!
For England's rare and radiant child,—
Her home is in our northern wild!—
Canada! Dear Canada!
Fling wide thy blameless banner!

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.



The Victoria Rifles Armory Hall was nearly filled on the evening of the 11th, on the occasion of the dramatic and musical entertainment tendered to Mrs. Bertram by Mrs. Neil Warner and numerous volunteers. The original drama, "Time and the Hour," was presented with a well-chosen cast under the direction of Mrs. Warner. Mrs. Neil Warner showed that she had lost none of her old-time power. The character of *Marian Beck* gave her great opportunities which she made the best of. Mr. W. A. Tremaine as *Sparrow*, who imagines himself born to be a detective, created plenty of fun. Mr. R. Henders, as *J. Montgomery Brown*, who made his money in butter and candles, kept the audience in a roar of laughter. His make up was certainly very good. He was ably assisted by Mrs. Frank Thomson. The other characters were fairly well sustained. Miss Lucy Bertram and Mr. A. W. W. Steytler sang very acceptably between the first and second acts. The latter's comic song was heartily encored.

IRVING DRAMATIC CLUB.—A dramatic and musical entertainment under the patronage of the Cregan testimonial committee, took place in the Victoria Rifles Armory on Saturday night. The members of the club acquitted themselves creditably in their respective parts, and it is to be hoped that should the club hold another concert it will receive better patronage. The first on the programme was a one act drama "The Duel," which was followed by the comedieta "Bubbles." Mr. A. G. Higgins was well received in a vocal solo. "The Lion Slayer," a farce, was well acted for an amateur company. The following is a list of those taking part:—Messrs. A. B. Gilderoy, P. Spanjaardt, M. Johnson, F. M. Grady, F. Munn, E. Pearce, J. Hewson, H. Taylor, Parker Bidder and Misses E. Clifford, L. Danvers, D. Roy and M. Montgomery.

After a very severe and troublesome bronchial affection, Mrs. Agnes Thomson has at last been permitted by her physician to resume her concert engagements. She was to have sung at the University Conversazione in Toronto on the 14th but for the fire. She sings in Hamilton on the 18th for the St. Mary's Orphanage, and will sing in Welland on the 25th for the new Presbyterian church.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, TORONTO.—For the present week, beginning Feb. 17th, Manager Greene announced the engagement of Kiralfy's great spectacular play, entitled the "Water Queen." Over 100 persons are engaged in the production of this piece, which is given exactly as played at Niblo's in New York. The Academy is well suited for this style of play, and the "Water Queen," as we expected, has turned out well.

THE OPERA HOUSE has been and is playing Lillie Clay's Colossal Gaiety Co. to crowded houses.

THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE is giving its patrons a treat in "My Silent Partner," by a strong company, headed by Mr. J. B. Polk. G. E. M.

BISHOP BALDWIN ON A HAND-CAR.

The *Petrolia Advertiser* gives an entertaining account of some of Bishop Baldwin's experiences in the oil country. After describing his Lordship's stay at Petrolia and his visit to Wyoming, where the congregation was deeply affected by Dr. Baldwin's earnest and touching appeals, the *Advertiser* thus continues:—"On Monday morning the bishop started for Inwood, at 8.10 a.m., to hold the first confirmation ever held in that burg. Service was over at 11.30. The Rev. Mr. Wood has been doing good work in that section, and this is the first fruits of his labours. As there was no train available to return by, a hand-car was obtained to convey the bi-hop back to Oil City, seven and a half miles, in order to catch the train that leaves Oil City for Petrolia at about 12.30 p.m., but the weather was against this arrangement. A violent head wind from the west was blowing, and the man propelling the railway velocipede got tired out working against the wind. 'I'll take a turn,' says the bishop, and at it he went, till he got exhausted. The man again took up the work until he had to stop; the bishop again bore his part; again the man got to work, and had to resign, and again the bishop rolled the hand-car along. Section men on the line, as the car swept past, could not understand such a transformation scene, as why the bishop should propel the man, instead of the man propelling the bishop, but between them they got to Oil City half an hour after the train left. Mr. Wetherall, however, was the *Gaius* for the occasion, and his grateful hospitality put the bishop in trim for the unpleasant ordeal of driving from Oil City to Petrolia. That road is execrable, its heights and depths require to be felt to be appreciated, and splashed with mud from head to foot, and every bone in their bodies aching, the episcopal party arrived back in Petrolia about 5 p.m. Quite fresh as if nothing had been done all day, his Lordship did all the work at the missionary meeting in Christ Church in the evening." His old friends in Montreal and elsewhere will be glad to know that the Bishop, who was always a moving speaker, is still able to carry people along with him.



THE NEW DEPARTMENTAL BUILDINGS, OTTAWA, KNOWN AS THE "LANGEVIN BLOCK."

(W. J. Topley, photo.)



INDIAN HOUSES NEAR ANGLING LAKES, N.W.T.

(From a photo. by J. B. Tyrrell, Esq., of the Geological Survey of Canada.)

Fair Rosamond's Treachery.

BY CLARA RIDGWAY, AUTHOR OF "A PALPABLE HIT,"
"A ROLAND FOR AN OLIVER," "SHADOWS OF
THE PAST," ETC.

"By the pricking of my thumbs, something wicked this way comes. And as Dick and myself are the only wicked beings in this oppressively good place, I suppose it must be her."

The speaker, a "bonnie, fair lassie," rises from the sofa where she has been comfortably lying, and walks over to the nearest window.

"There he is," she exclaims, gladly, and turning, she rushes from the room, through the hall, and—in the proverbial twinkling of an eye—is flying down the garden path, regardless of the falling snowflakes that besprinkle her bright auburn hair and slender girlish figure.

Miss Gray, to whom the absent girl's remarks have been addressed, rises from her large willow rocker, and as her niece had done, crosses the room to the window.

Before she arrives at the end of her pilgrimage, a loud boyish laugh is heard, and with it mingles the sweet clear treble of a girl's voice.

Miss Gray had been asleep, and had awakened only in time to witness Rosamond's hurried exit; consequently, having missed the latter's foregoing remarks, she is in the dark as to the cause of her sudden begira.

Hearing the laughter, her curiosity overcomes her, and she hastens to the window, but—too late. Scarcely is she looking out upon the now deserted garden, when the door is flung open and Rosamond Gray re-enters the room, followed by a short, slender young fellow, whose striking resemblance to herself proclaims him at once to be her brother.

As much alike are they as Sebastian and Viola. The same shade of ruddy auburn hair waves over their foreheads, the brilliant brown eyes flash and sparkle merrily in each animated face—in fact, the resemblance between them is so perfect that one gay and foolish girl was heard to say on a memorable occasion: "If Mr. Gray wore skirts, one could not tell him from Rosamond—and then, he is so ridiculously small, don't you know."

"My dear aunt," he exclaims gaily. "Can I believe in my eyes? Is it possible that you have eluded Morpheus, and were only feigning that sweet and childlike repose which Rosamond wickedly told me had visited you?"

"I—er—I believe I *had* lost myself," murmurs Miss Gray, senior, apologetically. "But Rosamond made such a noise as she rushed out of the room, and you laughed, and altogether I was awakened."

"See what a sensation my advent has created!" says Dick, striking a tragic attitude, and then suddenly turning, he perches himself on the back of an absurdly small chair, which had belonged to some long-deceased member of his aunt's family, and is carefully preserved by her as a precious relic.

"You will break that chair," she says warningly, and then in agonized tones, as the chair gives vent to a feeble squeak, "I don't want you to break that chair."

"My dear aunt, I wouldn't break it for the world," says Dick, reassuringly.

"I should hope not," she returns. "You know it was once the property of —, but, oh, there is that dilatory baker at last."

She has scarcely hastened from the room to torment the unhappy baker, when Dick rises, catches up his coat, and commences to hunt in a rapid scrambling fashion through all the pockets.

"I had a letter for you, Rose. Got it from the post office on my way here. I declare I must have lost it."

And in answer to Rosamond's indignant exclamation. "Nothing worth reading, of course. Some trashy nonsense, most likely, from some of your friends. Ah!" triumphantly, "here it is at last."

"I am not familiar with the writing," says Rosamond, looking curiously at it, and then glancing on the table for a paper knife, and securing none, she, who never tears an envelope open, draws a long silver pin, shaped like a fanciful dagger, from her hair, neatly cuts the top of the envelope, and reads:

"MY DEAR MISS GRAY:—

"I fondly hope that it will not be long ere I can address you by a warmer title than that with which I commence my epistle.

"Do not deem it presumption, on my part, to speak in such an assured tone, for even could you imagine the state of my feelings—but enough of this.

"To be brief, will you graciously accord me an interview? I will call at four to-morrow afternoon, and, at your fair hands, will receive either a passport to the realms of indescribable joy, or—and I hesitate to write my doom.

"In either case, believe me your slave,

H. NELSON BERRY."

"Good gracious, did you *ever* read anything like that?" said Miss Gray, as Dick, who has been reading the letter from the arm of her chair, utters a series of roars.

Then, despite her irritation, she is fain to laugh, but speedily checks herself.

"It is not fair to laugh at him. 'Poor, little man!' she says remorsefully. "He really seems dreadfully in earnest."

"Nonsense," says Dick, cheerfully. "He will be all right soon."

"But the thing is, what am I going to do?" says Rosa-

mond, perplexedly.

"Going to do?" echoes Dick, in amazement. "Why give him his *congé* as mercifully as possible, I suppose." Then, seeing that she still hesitates, he says rather quickly: "You certainly would not—"

"Certainly not," returns Miss Gray austerely.

"But, yesterday, I met Kitty Clayton—you know she has a friend visiting her at present—well, Kitty asked me to come to-day at four to meet this friend, and I promised, and now that miserable man has deliberately appointed four as the hour for his absurd call. I suppose, wrathfully, 'that I can't be in two places at once, and if I go or stay one or the other will be angry.'"

"Yes, I understand," says Mr Gray, sympathetically.

"Can't you go at three instead of four?"

"How can I?" asks Rosamond in a slightly petulant tone. "When Kitty and that girl are going out themselves this afternoon, and only expect to be home shortly before four."

"There is only one thing that I can think of," said Dick rapidly. "Fix up a dress for me, go to Miss Clayton's, and I will receive Mr. Berry, and refuse him for you in fine style."

Rosamond stares at him breathlessly. "I wonder if you could," she says at last. "You are so nice and small, and we are so much alike, that as he, naturally, will feel nervous, I don't believe he will notice anything wrong, especially if the shades are half-way down in the drawing-room and the light is dim."

"I am certain he won't," said Dick hopefully. "But, about the dress!"

"I think I can manage that," returns the fair Rosamond, entering with delight into the spirit of Dick's plan. "There is my blue cashmere; but no, the waist of that fits far too nicely to be altered. However," brightly, "I will find something."

"Another Rosamond Gray! I had no idea that it would be such a success!" and Rosamond sinks into a chair and gazes delightedly at the figure before her.

"Yes, by Jove, and almost prettier than the original," says Dick, pirouetting daintily before the mirror.

"What a pity that you are not a girl, Dick. The Empire style suits you wonderfully," and Miss Gray rises to adjust the broad sash of pale blue ribbon. "All those little puffs and curls are lovely. How fortunate it is that you saved that wig."

"It does come in well," remarks Dick, complacently. "But then, I always did make up successfully as a girl, you know. Why, in those tableaux at college when I appeared as the 'Sleeping Beauty,'—Huntley was the Prince, you remember—I just brought down the house."

"Not a very appropriate arrangement of the hair for the 'Sleeping Beauty,' but it is *comme il faut* for your present role," returns his sister, laughingly.

"Now, Dick, I have viewed you 'with a critic's eye,' and I can see nothing more to be done."

"Perhaps I am a trifle pale," says Dick, who has been amusing himself by throwing kisses, in a most flirtatious manner, to an imaginary Mr. Berry. "If," insinuatingly, "you could put a little pink on my cheeks, I think the effect would be infinitely better."

"Rouge?" asks Rosamond, "I do not possess a bit of it. But," meditatively, "I have been told that red ribbon, aided by a little cologne, is quite as good."

"Now is the time to try its efficacy," exclaims Dick, catching up a wide scarlet ribbon and holding it out to his sister.

"My prettiest scarf? I should think not," she says indignantly. "Here," drawing a narrow strip of ribbon from a box on the chiffonier, and carefully saturating one end with perfume. "Keep still, and don't move your head, or the cologne will, very likely, go into your eyes. There," stepping back, "it certainly is an improvement. A trifle too red, perhaps, but that will be attributed to your, or rather my blushes."

"You know one is recommended in the case of patent medicines, to 'try it on the dog,'" observes the counterfeit Miss Gray, after a lengthy stare in the glass. "So I will try the effect of this costume on Aunt Maria."

He makes this irreverent speech in the calmest possible manner.

"Undutiful Dick!" cries Rosamond, reprovingly. "But stay, remember when the supreme moment arrives, to keep your hands out of sight as much as possible. If you allow him to take your hand when he comes in, all will be lost, as he knows—he *must* know—that the palms of mine are not covered with blisters."

"Tokens of my rowing prowess," says Dick, gazing at his small, though sunburnt hand. "Well, here goes for Aunt Maria. Fortune is with us, as here she comes."

Hastily pushing Rosamond behind a screen, he awaits the coming of the elder Miss Gray.

"Why, my dear Rosamond," she says, as her portly form appears in the doorway. "You surely will not walk over to the Clayton's in that dress? It is not warm enough. But, my dear child, speaking of warmth, your cheeks are perfectly crimson. Have you a fever?"

Dick, whose voice is very like that of his sister, assures her that he is perfectly well, and then a subdued giggle is audible from behind the screen.

"Is that Dick hidden away there?" inquires Miss Gray. "Dear boy, I wonder what his next prank will be."

The laugh from behind the screen here rises to a perfect shriek, and is joined in by Rosamond's double, until they fairly make the welkin ring.

Miss Gray feels called upon to look into the mystery, and when the second Rosamond appears her face is a perfect study, and she seems to consider this, the topmost pinnacle of Dick's achievements.

The tryst with the unfortunate Mr. Berry is, however, shrewdly though wickedly withheld from the knowledge of the worthy spinster, as practical jokes do not, as a general thing, meet with her approval.

"Whither are you going?" asks Rosamond, seeing that their relative is robed in walking attire.

"My dear," in reproving tones, "have you forgotten that this afternoon was appointed by Mrs. Russell for our long-talked-of sleigh-ride?"

"In that case, you will not return until late," suggests the wily Dick, agreeably.

He has been cudgelling his brains for some plan to secure her absence from the house, for this afternoon, and has only succeeded in devising a rather lame scheme at the last.

"Oh, no," returns Miss Gray, unsuspectingly, "not before six. You know Mrs. Russell is always late, and then she takes such long drives."

"I must change my dress and go over to Kitty's," says Rosamond, who is growing a little anxious to absent herself from the house.

"Certainly," says her aunt. "And Dick, it is high time you assumed your proper garb. How very dreadful it would be if any one came in and caught you as you are."

"Dreadful indeed!" exclaims Dick, apparently with great fervour. "Such a thing is too horrible to mention. In fact, I wonder that you can even imagine it; but then, the literature that you and Rose read, sometimes leads to deplorable results."

Returning from her call, an hour later, Rosamond enters the gate, and walks slowly up the pathway to the house.

Her lively mischievous face wears a demure expression, and it is evident that she is in a brown study. The luckless Mr. Berry is completely forgotten, and she enters the wide hall, and approaches the drawing-room door, without a thought as to what may be within.

Slowly, noiselessly, she turns the knob, and before her snow-blinded eyes can become accustomed to the fading light of the room, a sharp exclamation is heard, and—horrible sight—before her stand the fantastically attired Dick and Mr. Berry.

Both are too much engaged to notice her entrance, and she could yet escape, but terror roots her to the spot.

Mr. Berry stands speechless, gazing in a stony fashion at something Dick is holding in one hand, and, like Rosamond, the two men remain motionless. At last Dick raises the something to his head, and his sister recognizes it as the wig, upon which, but one short hour before, she had looked with such approbation. Now, alas, it is with a widely different feeling that she surveys it. Then Mr. Berry breaks the oppressive silence:

"Hum—er—Miss Gray, perhaps, after all, it is as well that I should abide by your decision. I—er—well, I may say that I dislike shams in everything. I was under the impression that Miss Gray, above all others, was the personification of truthfulness, and for that reason, and no other, I wished her to become Mrs. Berry."

Here he bows stiffly.

"Rosamond is the personification of truthfulness," cries Dick, forgetting his role, in his desire to champion his sister. Mr. Berry again bows, and gives a significant glance at the ill-fated wig, which is once more coquettishly, if somewhat rakishly, perched upon Dick's head.

"It is only a joke, Berry," says Mr. Gray.

"A very poor one, Miss Gray," returns the discomfited gallant.

Dick has, at times, during this extraordinary interview, forgotten, and returned to his usually slangy mode of speech, which latter has been noticed by the other, who, notwithstanding the many surprises of this afternoon, has not grown so callous as to ignore the absence of the prefix "Mr." before his name, and he makes a mental note of this, as no worse than the rest of Miss Gray's defects.

As he turns to leave, he beholds Rosamond, the Miss Gray of his dreams, before him. He glances from "the real Simon Pure" Rose to the counterfeit, and then re-adjusts his glasses in order to see better. Then a light dawns upon him.

"It appears that I have been the victim of a nonsensical joke," he says, with some asperity, glaring at the culprits savagely.

"Mr. Berry—" commences Rosamond, faintly. "No excuses are necessary," snaps Berry. "I wish you a good afternoon."

And metaphorically speaking, he shakes the dust of the Gray's drawing-room from his gaitered feet "forever and for aye."

"I was doing splendidly," says Dick, as his sister, having dissolved into tears, sits before him, refusing to be comforted, "until that confounded wig came off. Caught on that drop light, you know."

Here he goes off into a paroxysm of delight.

"Let me tell you how he put it, Rose. It was a dandy proposal. I think I shall do a little plagiarizing when I come across the right girl."

Rosamond rises.

"Never mention that wretched man's name to me again," she cries.

"Hereafter I shall speak of him, mysteriously as 'He,' and you will understand to whom I have reference," says Dick, teasingly. "But bless you, he doesn't mind," con-

solingly, "he has sent letters, almost precisely like that he

sent you, to the sisters of ever so many fellows I know. Of course, he lays it on a little stronger to some, that is the only difference. He expects to be refused. But we bettered expectation, and did it up in fine style, didn't we?"

"So he wrote to other girls?" says Rosamond, disregarding the latter part of her brother's speech. This piece of news has acted like a wonderful sedative upon her. "Before he wrote to me? Dick," vigorously, "he deserved everything—and more."

"And more," echoes Dick, "it served him right."

ROBERT BROWNING.

I.

A feeble stammerer, feeling his defect

In all that makes words beautiful, at sight

Of one loved face, forgetting Nature's blight

In pride of heart lifts head and form erect,—

Shewing by voice and gesture,—praise direct

And laud implied—his benefactor's right.

His weakness banished by Love's boundless night,

In one brief hour he proves a life's respect.

So I, O Master, feeble-tongued and weak,

By Nature planned for no great deed, may bring

My untuned words, that so thy praise may sound

The louder for one note.—Though it be drowned

In grander strains I care not, so I speak

Thy honour,—vassal-service to a King.

II.

A Poet; aye, the Poet, for thy place

Second to none may be in whom did Art

Find her full voice, display her truest part.

Philosopher, who sawst great Wisdom's face

Clear thro' thy searching,—as her steps we trace

Through thee even Life is understood. We start

Seeking for God and find a man whose heart

Mirrors the Father's tenderness and grace.

Man who hast raised Humanity, no more

Liv'st thou to bless us? Is thy human day

Past and forgotten where no earthly knees

Bow to the one great Power Celestial? Nay:

Man, Poet and Philosopher, all these

Thou still must be on that Eternal Shore.

SOPHIE M. ALMON.

CAN WE INCREASE SPEED IN STEAMERS?

The possibilities of obtaining an increasing speed with steamships seem, at first sight, as limitless as the ocean on which they float; but, like all else, they must end somewhere. At one time it was supposed that there must be a limit in size, beyond which materials did not exist of sufficient strength to enable steamers to be built. But wood was superseded by iron and iron in its turn by steel, and there yet remain the possibilities of manganese, bronze, and aluminium. Then it was supposed that, as engines got bigger, the momentum of the huge moving masses of their cranks and rods would shake the ships to pieces; but practical engineers laughed at this, paid a little more attention to the design and balance of their engines, and, as they increased in size, divided their power and adopted twin screws.

Then came the alarm that no ships could carry the enormous quantity of coal necessary to keep up their speed for the run across to America; but, again, the engineers were equal to the occasion, and engines were first compounded, then tripled, and finally several quadruple expansion engines have been built, while every nerve is strained to attain economy of fuel in other directions.

Competition waxed fierce and strong and ship owners became anxious lest the demand for speed should render their boats unremunerative through the great reduction in the cargo space caused by the enormous bunkers. But the race has gone on, and the passenger traffic across the Atlantic is assuming such enormous proportions that it is becoming a question whether it will not soon be possible to build and run boats for passengers only across the Atlantic, as is now done across the Straits of Dover, and yet make them pay.

Next came a cry that ships were getting too large to enter the docks, but new and deeper docks were speedily built and the entrances of others widened; till now, at last, it seems as if the end would only come in view when ships get too big to handle or the power of driving them attains such vast proportions as to make it impossible to build a ship large enough to carry the necessary fuel; and who can say how near or how far off this time may be?

The power necessary to drive a ship increases as the limit of the speed, and it would seem that at this rate a square of the speed, and it would seem that at this rate a limit must soon be reached. But against these fearful odds engineers and naval architects work on undaunted, ever finding in the boundless resources of science ways and means to overcome each fresh difficulty, and ship after ship sails forth to breast the Atlantic billows, to bear proud witness to the indomitable perseverance that gave her birth and the pluck and daring that drives her across the stormy seas.—*J. R. Werner, in the Contemporary Review.*



Never begin a journey until the breakfast has been eaten.

In mixing mustard for table use never add vinegar, which destroys its life and flavour. Boil water for moistening it, and let the water become blood-warm.

TONGUE TOAST.—Grate finely the remains of a tongue and mix it with the yolk of an egg or a spoonful of cream, finely chopped parsley, pepper and salt. Make it very hot (but not boiling) and pour it on to fingers of well buttered hot toast, sprinkle thickly with fine bread crumbs and let it brown before the fire.

The excellent washerwomen of Holland and Belgium, who get up their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as a washing powder, instead of soda, in the proportion of one large handful of powder to about ten gallons of boiling water. Borax, being a neutral salt, does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen. Those who try this will be pleased with the result. It is also nice to wash blankets or woollen goods in this manner.

Artists frequently use the Holland linen used for ordinary blinds for studies and paintings, thus securing a neutral tint for the background without any effort. Both water and oil colours can be applied to the material, and for studies it is admirable, neither breaking nor tearing like paper. The linen is said to be finished with a composition that takes oil colours nicely, provided they are not used too freely as it does not spread, but they cannot be removed as safely as from canvas. An unfortunate dash of colour may be modified, but not obliterated. Flowers look especially well on such backgrounds.

WOMAN'S DOMAIN.

There is no household work that a girl should deem it beneath her position to know how to do. Things may be done in a right or a wrong way, and it is only by learning how they ought to be done that a woman can teach others. Whether her destiny lies in the old east or in the new west, her knowledge of home matters will be the greatest of blessings to herself and to others. Every day a young lady should do a little bit of household work thoroughly, so as to be a pattern of perfection to the servants, who are only too ready to be satisfied with half-done work or "that'll do."

One of the most striking characteristics of almost every expedition to Africa has been the native females who persisted in joining and sharing the toils and hardships of the explorers. The recent expedition of Stanley proved no exception in this respect. A large number of the people brought by him from Central Africa are women and children—the families of the Egyptian soldiers who abandoned the Upper Nile with Emin. Colonel Gallieni had the same experience in Senegal. For a time he attempted to prohibit women from following his columns, thinking that they would only retard the rapid march which he desired to make against Marabout Lamine; but they ultimately succeeded in joining his columns, and proved rather a help than a hindrance. They relieved the black soldiers of distasteful culinary details and other work of the camp—taking charge of the rations and preparing the meals—and when on the march they lightened the burdens of their husbands by carrying a good share of the baggage, thus enabling the soldiers to make longer marches. These women rapidly adapted themselves to military discipline. Capella and Ivens, the Portuguese explorers, relate similar experience. They even regularly enlisted women as well as men, and found them most useful; for they carried loads as heavy as those of the men, besides doing all the cooking. Other explorers give similar testimony.

A history of Warwickshire has lately been published by Mr. Timmins, a well-known Birmingham antiquarian. Speaking of the legend of Godiva, he says it sadly needs the facts of history as a basis, and Mr. Bloxham shows that Leofric was a powerful noble of the time of Edward the Confessor, and that he died A.D. 1057; that Godiva (or Godgiva) survived him many years, and that she appears as one of the great land-owners in Warwickshire in the Domesday Book (A.D. 1086); that the population of Coventry at that date was about three hundred and fifty; that the houses were of a single story, with a door and no windows—mere wooden hovels (as the Bayeux tapestry shows); and that the *Saxon Chronicle*, *sub anno* 1057, records the death of Leofric the Earl on the second of the Kalends of October (September 30). He was very wise for God, also for the world, which was a blessing to all this nation. He lies at Coventry. Mr. Bloxham also cited William of Coventry and Florence of Worcester, who praise Leofric and Godiva, but make no mention of the legend. Roger de Wendover, *tempore* John, is the first to mention the legend, at least a century and a half after its occurrence—and his authority is not great, as he tells many strange stories and legends. After all his researches, Mr. Bloxham believed that the story of the Peeping Tom incident did not appear till the latter part of the reign of Charles II., if, indeed, so early, for in the reign of Charles I. (1636) a party of excursionists visited the city of Coventry, and one of them wrote an account of what they saw, and alluded to the former part of the legend but not the latter (relating to Peeping Tom), and he then adds

that the wooden image long shown at the corner of Hereford street as representing Peeping Tom, and on the supposed site of his house, is that of an armed man, probably an image of St. George, and taken, as I think, from one of the churches in the city. It is of no greater antiquity than the reign of Henry VII., as is evinced from the broad-toed collerets in which the feet are encased. But if Godiva lives as a legendary fraud, Warwickshire has to boast that Shakespeare was her most distinguished son; that Sir William Dugdale, the great antiquarian, was another; that Richard Burbage, the Roscius of the Elizabethan age, is recorded, with Robert Greene, as amongst the townsmen of Stratford. It must be remembered that David Cox was born in Birmingham, near which he spent the last years of his life, and was buried at Harborne, close by. Among the pleasant recollections of authors connected with Warwickshire, Joseph Addison deserves special mention. It is true he was not born in the county, but for several years he made it his home. Samuel Cave, the familiar friend of Dr. Johnson, was a Warwickshire man. Then, no one can forget that George Eliot (Mary Anne Evans) was born at Griff House, near Nuneaton, on November 22, 1819.

A very pretty and effective entertainment came within my experience a short time ago. It was what was called a six-o'clock tea for young ladies, the guests numbering about seventy-five. After the supper was served, the hostess brought in on a large silver tray what appeared to be a heap of the freshest of lettuce leaves, crinkled and tender-looking; at the stem of each was a slip of white paper, on which was written familiar quotations from standard authors. The attention of the company, who had risen from their seats and were engaged in social converse, was attracted by the call of a bell, when the hostess announced that she would further serve her guests by giving them a "literary salad," each was to take a leaf and guess the author of the quotation; should she guess rightly, she was to keep the leaf and wear it in her corsage; if she could not guess, it must be returned to the platter, and she might have the privilege of trying again and as many times as she liked. Those who guessed correctly could also repeat the trial; one or two succeeded in securing a large corsage bouquet of the leaves, while some obtained none at all. Card-tables and cards were provided in the meantime for those not interested in the literary effort. To make the leaves for the literary salad, get some tissue paper of a light green shade, as near the colour of tender lettuce leaves as possible; cut in shape like the leaf, leaving a little strip at the bottom for pasting on the quotation, notch the edges and then fold over lengthwise through the middle, slip over a hair-pin on this fold and press closely together in the rounding part of the pin, then take off, and if it is rightly done the centre of the leaf will be beautifully crinkled; write your quotation on a white slip of paper, number it and paste on the little strip of tissue paper left below the leaf. Have a book with a corresponding number in it with author's name, that you may be able to tell when the quotations are rightly guessed.

The very latest fad, according to the *Boston Advertiser*, which has travelled about the country in the wake of the celebrated English Egyptologist, has struck Boston with full force. This is the adoption by ladies of fashion of Egyptian costumes at their afternoon teas. These costumes, which in many cases are said to be very "fetching," are modelled after the manner of the times of the Pharaohs. One of them, worn by a beautiful brunette, is described as of soft brown silk, with long, flowing sleeves, and yoke embroidered in silver. The petticoat is of striped Syrian silk in rose colour and silver, with a wide sash of the same colours. The slashings of the outer gown show lining of Egyptian red. Over the shoulders hangs a brown gauze veil, embroidered in silver. Slippers in rose velvet, embroidered in silver and seed pearls.

THE LAST OF THE POETICAL DRAMATISTS.

With Dr. Westland Marston, whose death at the age of seventy-one has occasioned sincere regret, passes away an interesting figure in the world of literature. The poet devoted his talents at an early period of his career to the stage, and for many years continued to be one of the most prominent English dramatists. But he also shone in other capacities. He was a prolific contributor to literary journals; he was an acute and discerning critic; he wrote several highly popular lyrics, "The Death Ride to Balaclava" being perhaps the best known—and he also tried his hand with success at fiction. It is nevertheless as a dramatist that Dr. Marston earned his claim to permanent renown. What is more, he is perhaps legitimately entitled to be classed as the last of the poetical playwrights. In saying this we by no means affect ignorance of the merits of Mr. W. G. Willis, who has done excellent work in the same domain. It may be questioned, however, whether anything so lofty in aim and dignified in execution as *The Patrician's Daughter* and *Strathmore* has been produced by dramatic authors of a more modern date than Dr. Marston. The latter had the good fortune to win his spurs at a time when there was still a strong taste for blank verse and what may be called the romantic drama in classical form. When Dr. Westland Marston began to write for the stage its traditions, so worthily maintained by Sheridan Knowles, had still their hold on the public. A man might still write a five-act tragedy, and hope not only to see it produced on the stage, but to find it received with favour. The poet who does so now is a fit object of compassion for his friends.—*Newcastle Daily Chronicle.*

What the Recamier Preparations are and why they are to be used.

Recamier Cream, which is first of these world famous preparations, is made from the recipe used by Julie Recamier. It is not a cosmetic, but an emollient to be applied at night just before retiring, and to be removed in the morning by bathing freely. It will remove tan and sunburn, pimples, red spots or blotches, and make your face and hands as smooth, as white and as soft as an infant's.

Recamier Balm is a beautifier, pure and simple. It is not a whitewash, and unlike most liquids Recamier Balm is exceedingly beneficial and is absolutely imperceptible except in the delicate freshness and youthfulness which it imparts to the skin.

Recamier Lotion will remove freckles and moth patches, is soothing and efficacious for any irritation of the cuticle, and is the most delightful of washes for removing the dust from the face after travelling, and is also invaluable to gentlemen to be used after shaving.

Recamier Powder is in three shades, white, flesh and cream. It is the finest powder ever manufactured, and is delightful in the nursery, for gentlemen after shaving and for the toilet generally.

Recamier Soap is a perfectly pure article guaranteed free from animal fat. This soap contains many of the healing ingredients used in compounding Recamier Cream and Lotion.

The RECAMIER TOILET PREPARATIONS are positively free from all injurious ingredients, and CONTAINS NEITHER LEAD, BISMUTH or ARSENIC, as attested to after a searching analysis by such eminent scientists as

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Member of the London, Paris, Berlin and American Chemical Societies.

THOS. B. STILLMAN, M.Sc., Ph.D.,

Professor of Chemistry of the Stevens Institute of Technology.

PETER T. AUSTEN, Ph.D., F.C.S.,

Professor of General and Applied Chemistry, Rutgers College and New Jersey State Scientific School.

If your druggist does not keep the Recamier Preparations, refuse substitutes. Let him order for you, or order yourself from the Canadian office of the Recamier Manufacturing Company, 374 and 376 St. Paul Street, Montreal. For sale in Canada at our regular New York prices: Recamier Cream, \$1.50; Recamier Balm, \$1.50; Recamier Moth and Freckle Lotion, \$1.50; Recamier Soap, scented, 50c.; unscented, 25c.; Recamier Powder, large boxes, \$1.00; small boxes, 50c.



HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 26, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one near the local office to make the entry for him.

DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence. During which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.

2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year; 10 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.

3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1887.

All communications having reference to lands under control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast, should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A. M. BURGESS,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1889.

CASTOR-FLUID

Registered—A delightfully refreshing preparation for the hair. Should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth. A perfect hair dressing for the family, 25c per bottle.

HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist,
122 St. Lawrence Main Street.



A FOREST FIRE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

(S. A. Smyth, photo., Calgary.)

HUMOUROUS.

ONE trouble with Canada is that she takes herself too seriously.—*New York Tribune.*

ONE trouble with the United States is that they'd take her any way they could get her—if it did not cost too much.—*Halifax Chronicle.*

BEACON HILL: Reject me, if you will, but don't add insult to injury! Your cousin Belle would be glad to take me! Miss Boylston: Perhaps she would. She's an amateur photographer.

A FRENCH Gentleman, after a grouse drive in Scotland, being asked by his host what he has killed, replied—"Of ze grouse none—zey are too difficult; but of ze vild sheep I have seven over ze hill!"

MABLE: Let's play house; I'll be the mother. George: Yes, and I'll be the father. Clara: And I'll be the cook. Mable and George (indignantly): Yes, that's just you. You always want to be boss of everything.

MAMMA: Well, Nellie, what did you learn at Sunday school, to-day? Nellie: That I must sell three tickets for the concert next week, give twenty cents to buy a present for the superintendent and—that Noah built the ark.

"How do, Uncle Joe?" Taking your morning walk around the park? "Not exactly, sah. I finds I ain't able to walk all roun' no mo' sence my las' touch o' rheumatiz, so I jus' walks half way roun' an' back again, sah."

CONFIDENCE IN THE OLD HERO.—"Did you ever run away in battle, grandpa?" asked the little girl of the one-legged veteran. "How foolish," cried the little boy. "Of course grandpa never ran away. Grandpa hopped away."

A LADY tells us that she heard a coloured preacher say: "De fo' part of de house will please sit down, fo' de hind part cannot see de fo' part if de fo' part persist in standing befo' de hind part, to de uttuh obsclusion oh de hind part by de fo' part."

FELT SURE OF HIS OWN STANDING.—Young Hopeful: Papa, who are the real gentlemen? Puzzled but Proud Parent: Well, dear, it is hard to tell nowadays, but

whenever you want to judge for yourself your father will answer for a model.

ALICE: What an awfully rude girl Minnie Thompson is! Maude: Indeed? I never noticed it. Alice: Just think—after she had passed me on the street this afternoon, I actually caught her looking back at me four times. Maude: Oh, my, how awful!

NEIGHBOURLY AT ANY RATE.—Mr. Tibbett (to Mrs. Brown, who has lately moved into the neighbourhood): Good afternoon, Mrs. Brown. I'm your neighbour across the way. Folks on this street are so unsocial. They never call on anyone unless they happen to be just so nice; and I knew you would be lonesome.

TESTY OLD GENT.—Huh! do you think you can support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed? Young Suitor: Well, no; but I can support her in the style to which her mother was accustomed for a good many years after she married you. Old Gent (subdued): Take her, my son, and be happy.

LITTLE GIRL (reading history): "This brave nobleman left his home in Paris, where he was captain of dragoons, and where he had been lately married, to cross the water and fight for the Americans." Teacher: Now, can you tell me what prompted this brave man to do this? Little Girl: Please, ma'am, he had lately married.

SHE (over an ice): Do you care for Ibsen at all? He (who has never heard of him): Ye-es; I rather think I do. She: Yet you speak as if you did not specially admire him. He (to gain time): Oh, really you know, that is hardly fair—. She: At least you will grant he is original. "A Doll's House," for instance, is quite unlike anything else of the sort. He (not knowing whether it's a book, picture, or musical composition): Original, perhaps; but (pulling his moustache) don't you think it's—er—rather faulty, too? She: Why, no; I thought the plot strong and interesting. He (relieved at last to have caught on): Oh, yes: interesting without doubt, but (loftily) I'm rather tired, don't you know, of children's stories since the Fauntleroy craze.

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